

Wiener #2

DIY ACTION

Society



Screams From Inside

THIS Holiday Season
Get Something Special
For Your Loved One

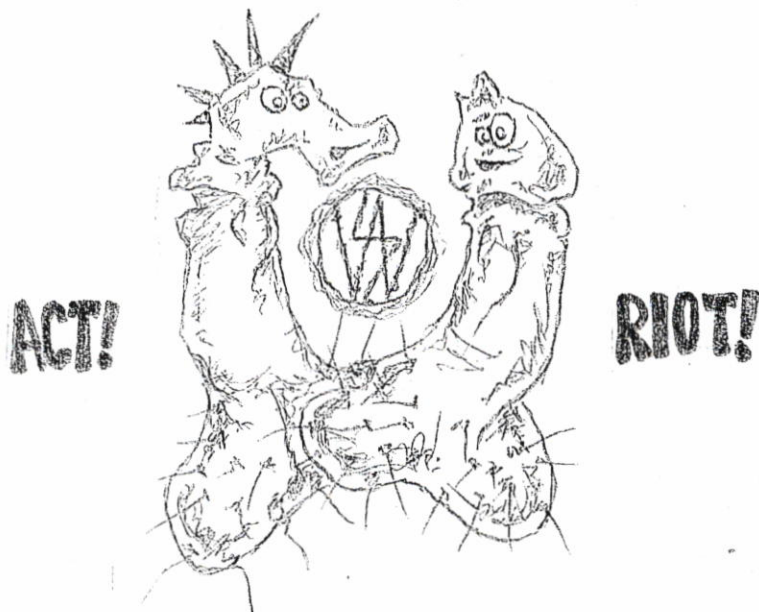


*No Rats or Flowers Were Hurt
In The Making of This Picture

recommend reading this zine if you have any issues such as sexual abuse, rape, suicidal thoughts, traumatic memories, or emotional pain. Erika and Basil who do this zine are both believers in personal healing and their writings are so up close and honest.

Penetrating. This zine helped me alot. Send a stamp for info or \$2 for Planting Seeds to P.O. Box 33368, Austin, TX 78764.

I just can't stress how important a positive focal point is to pull through on top. If we are going to make it, it takes strength, and most of all love, without that emotion no force will conquer hate or division. Once you come to terms with you, then its so natural to start looking outward with compassion rather than judgement, because there is no longer any need to prove anything. True individuality comes when you ~~xxx~~ love who you are more than you care who hates you. Freedom is inside you. Believe.



ACT!

RIOT!

FUCK A SLOGAN!

VISION AND CONFUSION

3

So, this is the second issue of wXs, a little bigger, hopefully there's been some improvement. Not that #1 was a fucking hazard, all the feedback it generated pretty much confirmed that wXs is doing something important by being a messenger of brutal honesty. Which although can be difficult to read at times, comes back to the truth about some people's lives and hopefully somehow someone hears these stories who needs to hear them. This wasn't put out to be entertainment, or to be a resume to a scene to try to secure a foothold to become some underground personality, but more as a form of personal therapy. I hope some kid who's dealing with any number of things that I've been through can relate with, so as I get free with these words, so does someone else. That's it that's all I want.

Some people may have a hard time with the racial aspect of my past. What can I do about that? Nothing! All I can do is what I am, admitting and moving on. Yeah, I used to be a white power skinhead, but I woke up, I changed. I've got to deal with that shit and I'll never make excuses because I know I was wrong. But I also know there's many other youngsters out there caught up in the lies of the supremacist movement that aren't true racist, as I wasn't, but caught up in pursuing an image or a reputation to find acceptance in a group. That's one reason why I'm so anti-image, why I don't try to uphold any reputation, that type of lifestyle brought me to a dead end. I don't want to be a "punk rocker", an "anarchist" an "activist" or a "revolutionary". I don't want to associate what I am with any pre-erected and labeled personalities and I don't want to search for acceptance in the arms of any movement. Image separates people, because as you adopt an identity in your group of choice you set yourself apart from all others who don't identify with the image you cultivate and this works against unification. I want to just be an individual that rebels and aligns myself with the ideas and beauty of revolution, equality and freedom.

I've been reading this book Days of War, Nights of Love by the CrimethInc Collective that my good friend Mark Osmond (of As It Stands...zine) sent me. This book is filled with impacting words and thoughts that just make so much sense to me. I wanted to share a few statements that really stood out. "To be effective at acting radically (rather than just acting radical!), one must be disinterested in being radical or "an activist", but only desire to help make radical things happen."

"Until we are able to leave our "identities" behind, whenever we come together it will merely be a case of images meeting and clashing - with the humans behind them unable to see each other."

Do you ever think that your identity, whatever it may be, is actually a series of barriers and limitations restricting you to only what is available within that identities box and that if you could get past being controlled by the idea of identity and image then you could for once find the path to personal freedom and realization? Identity works as a definition of who you are, but true individuality must be undefinable, for that's where the strength is, in the ability to do the undefinable, not just the expected.

For a long time I was having so much trouble with my past and how to sever the ties between who I was and reinvent who I am. I've come to realize spending so much energy rooted in things done, unchangeable and one day forgotten, is in itself a limitation of self, for no matter the amount of guilt, hurt or regret spent on days already lived those times cannot be changed. Focusing on the past takes away from your ability to exist fully now, not what it could have been last week but wasn't. I am now, not what I should have been but wasn't.

"The past is nothing. The past is dead, finished, gone. It has no meaning except that for the meaning you give it. The degree to which you hang onto it is the degree to which it has some effect on your current reality. Otherwise, it's nothing - even less than nothing." Swami Chetanananda

I've come to believe the only effort that matters is the effort of doing what is right for you at this very moment. Once an experience is passed by, even meaningful ones, it takes on being a memory and these are all subject to fade. While many memories are fond, they cannot compare to the moment of now and the abilities you

possess to activate existence, just as the failures or lost opportunities of yesterday do no impede chances you have now. Giving in to the past is giving up now.

These are the types of things I've been reflecting on lately. The search for balance each day is constant. Living in a maximum-security prison day in and day out is the most extreme living I've known. Pissing in gutters, living on the street, shooting up speed that you just stole from a guy you had at gunpoint until he emptied his pockets doesn't amount to the same level as this cell dwelling monotonous conditioning. Everything is controlled and scheduled. Do you know what it feels like to stand at a cell door to look out your tiny window slot through double-ply safety glass into a cell block of 99 other cells identical to yours, knowing each one has two living behind those solid metal doors? There are 4 other buildings just like yours on this yard and four yards in this prison and 35 prisons in just this state and there are 50 fucking states in this Country? That is a staggering thought and you can't help at times to feel lost in the matrix of an invisible systematic society. A society that exists just outside the domain of real life, once known, now a fading memory and the chance at a nearly future fantasy day where freedom will again replace 8 by 12 foot cells, tiers, sally ports, lockdowns and the C.O.'s with their pepper spray canisters the size of small fire extinguishers strapped to their side. Gun towers with loaded assault rifles and block guns, chow halls where 200 men all dressed in identical blue penitentiary issue clothes stand in line to grab a small plastic multi-compartment tray through a slot in the wall, follow the man in front of them to a steel table where on by on they fill up with men in blue eating off blue trays all tasting the same soy-beef patties or half cooked chicken with semi-heated frozen veggies.

Privacy doesn't exist here. At any time of the day a C.O. (correctional officer) can call me out of my cell, or enter when I'm out to conduct a "random cell search". He/she can and will demolish everything in the quest to eradicate the scourge of contraband. Clothes will be thrown on the floor, photo albums looked through, letters thumbled through and maybe read (once a C.O. sat and read the entire WXs #1, then began referring to Ricky and Mine cell as the "love shack"), mattresses are flipped and papers scattered. Picture will be taken down if not located in the designated yellow square painted on the wall and anything not allowed will be thrown into a plastic bag. The plastic bag will then be thrown over the C.O.'s shoulder as he/she proudly and dutifully struts across the day-room floor, gloating with victory, with their sack full of confiscated material. The material will be documented to show that once again the good guys (read "the damn state") will always foil the corrupt plans of the bad guys (read "those fuckin' convicts").

Last month my dear friend Rif-Raf, a street punk from Stockton and a local to the bay area scene (maybe in a future issue I'll convince him to write about some of his own experiences. Like when he got in a Descendents show free after Milo saw him out front panhandling for a ticket, then later took him out for fast food courtesy of the band. Or about the time he got banned from 924 Gilman for being a complete asshole, or the times he saw Operation Ivy live and realized punk rock would last even without Black Flag and the Gerns.) the only other guy here who would vote if Jello was on the ballot and pronounces zine like "zeen" and not rhyming with wire, tried to do something about his privacy being invaded. Rif's a known tattoo artist and a certain week his cell was lucked with 3 days in a row, which is just fucking harassment. He demanded to see some stripes before going back to his cell, so he could complain about the disrespectful disarray of his home. When the sergeant showed up he cuffed Rif and his celly and roughly led them straight to the hole for "violating a direct order" when he refused to lock-up. On the way the officer was bending Rif's arm in a way it wasn't created to and Rif told him "To go ahead and break my arm so I can sue you fuckers", or something to that effect. He was in the hole for about a week and got a write-up, which extended his release for months, just for sticking up for his rights. Oh, I forgot those don't really exist do they? Not as long as a dominant force of pigs will use the threat of violence and continual harassment to extort compliance to their system.

There's a sound I've come to despise, because I associate it with the blatant reality of where I am and the fact I cannot leave. Every night, after the whole prison is locked up, all the cells full of their "owners", the building C.O.'s start at the head of the tiers and with keys jangling walk cell to cell. There they unlatch a masterlock (clink, clink, slip,

know I don't have to keep hurting or hating, or being wrong, or failing. The bad things ~~don't~~ don't have to be in my days to come. I can choose a different path. I dictate my destiny. My past has no command over my future. I am free to go where I will, do what I want and be who I will be. Yeah, I was a junky for years, I used to be an ignorant hater, I was an abused child, but I'm not ~~of~~ any of those bad things anymore. Its ok I'm bi-sexual, I'm happy that way. Its ok I've got 12 more years in prison, I'm coming home and I'll be pre-pared.

The positive influence has birthed an urge to impact those who have any type of affinity to things I've been through. I'm growing, learning, healing, and I want to help people, youths, queers, women, anyone in pain from abuse and molestation, homophobia and sexual discrimination, racism and tolerance, or self-destruction from drug addiction. I want to be here for them. Suppose I feel it's my duty to make amends by helping ~~xxxxx~~ another? I can't see utilizing the negative aspects of what I've been for positive reasons anything less than right. I will not let the pain, I felt and delt, go unavenged or left to no use. I will speak and strive to right wrongs that destroy lives. I will act. I will get free and bring others with me, just as I drug those down with me before. And I won't look back.

I owe so much to so many friends who just proved to me love exists. All the people I write, all those inmates, and confidants, and companions on this path of life. I thank you for your honesty and your belief. I couldn't have done it without you.

I've been reading this zine Planting Seeds my good friend Anthony sent to me, and its powerful. Its very open, raw and positive and radiates a good feeling. I

power mistake, it wasn't so shocking because I wasn't connected emotionally or mentally, I was just following a path blindly, disconnected from any real reactions or viewpoints. I was an empty shell. I would sabotage happiness. If things began going good I would destroy ~~everything~~ everything myself before someone else got the pleasure of hurting me.

Later, sitting in a cell, rotting from within, I had enough of being plastic, of trying to please others, or being this person I wasn't. Amazingly I started ~~feeling~~ caring again. Feeling started creeping back in and disgust at who I had been, what I was involved in, hurting people, hating people, became dominant. I felt so bad, ~~not~~ not just for myself, but for others. I was hungry for individuality, in the form of being alive. The regrets awakened me. My prison sentence caused self-evaluation and I saw the mistakes I had made at face value.

When I wrote the MRR column I had just ~~been~~ begun a metamorphosis. I was still hopeless. I hadn't discarded the negativity. When I went to the hole I quit using dope. Getting sober created a landscape for transformation. Breaking the ties with racism and hate gave me the ~~xxx~~ strength to begin breaking more barriers. And the flood of emotion was overpowering. But I was feeling, I was living, and most of all I was hoping.

I've been clean now for almost seven months. This is an incredible accomplishment for me and confirmation that the power of self-will is strong enough to do anything. I've become a seeker. A dreamer. I know compassion, forgiveness, goodness. Words like trust, ~~xx~~ integrity, respect, loyalty, hopefulness, faith, and energy have become real to me. I wrestled with the guilt and worked through ~~xxxxxx~~ every inch. No lies, no running, but standing and fighting. Becoming. The process of discovering who I am on the inside has been momentous. I'm honestly changed for life. The realizations have brought wonder. For whatever reasons all the bad things happened, I

clank) and lock them in place (clack!) to secure the door for the long night. I hate that sound, locked-in no way out, left.

Lately it's been difficult to seize the moment like I desire to. I've just pulled myself from this state of disillusion that had me confused for a few days. I seem to go through this cyclic routine about every 90 days, where this little storm cloud appears everywhere I am and starts raining down on me. Everything congeals in this bland mixture of apathetic discontent. I can't get to sleep. Memories of the last time I held my daughter when I was a free man and of the several day crime spree that found me holed up in an empty apartment. There I was with a loaded .22 caliber rifle hiding from the flak-jacketed sheriff task force that had surrounded the neighborhood and were going to find me because I heard their pet dogs barking my name. These flash through my mind and all I can think about is the great free world that is oblivious to me, just outside my window, but untouchable. I see the sky stretch away towards the place somewhere on the other side of the nation where Lydia, in Vermont, will look up into its beauty and probably think how lovely the clouds look, just like I do. This frustration eats at me, at being unable to frolic through woodlands, skinny-dip in a clear mountain pool, hike hike cross country to visit Todd in Detroit, sit on the curb outside Justin's high school with a 40 oz. of Mickey's collecting the stares people toss me like unwanted change. Unable to catch the Gotohells live and spend the rest of the night talking about how rock 'n roll punk rock is getting and to just go places. All of these what ifs and but whys and maybe one days fill my head with endless memories and impossible fantasies and I can't focus on what's around me. I get antsy like a kid with A.D.D. in algebra class and people bug me. All conversation sounds like insects buzzing in my ear and I just become fed-up with dealing with everything so well. This urge to just lose control tries to get me to go find some heroin. That's when I know I'm getting depressed with my surroundings, when I think how good it would feel to slip a needle in my arm and just nod out for a while. So far it's been a year and about 3 months since the last shot and I'm going on a year about 3 months and a day. Those small relapses of negative infections seem to go as quickly as the come. Something pulls me right out of the rut with a recharged courage and eyes as wide as daffodils. Sometimes it's as simple as listening to Out Come the Wolves... or my A.F.I. e.p. over and over, or playing acoustic versions of songs from my old punk band The Col. Klink Scandal on the guitar my mom sent me. Sometimes it takes looking at my photo albums full of all my pen-pal's smiling faces and sweaty rockin' out bands like Teen Idols, Reach the Sky, Kill Your Idols, 7 Seconds, American Steel and Abe Froman, shows I'd killed to have been at. Or just getting Slug & Lettuce or Thought Bombs slid under my door at mail call. Maybe reading some of Lydia's poetry or reading a profound idea in one of my many cherished books or just finding time after my cellie goes to sleep to do a few yoga postures to clear my mind.

A few weeks ago it was worse. Ricky, my lover, and I got in a fight. Both of us got hurt and we broke up. He's been there with me for the last 6 months and became a piece of me, it was hard to go through such a loss. The whole thing was so dramatic and unexpected. There were some problems that were just killing the relationship and I had to leave. The words I wanted run away, faster they do, faster I chase. My mind wouldn't allow me the chance to focus upon that which I wish to explain. Questions once again became the closest thing to solutions. Somehow I know that I am more complete now than I was before my heart was broken this time. Am I allowed to feel both betrayed by this love I had and better for the good I was given while it was still good for me? The pain was like gobs of acid sitting in my stomach. But, I remember, to feel pain is just to experience one of the many shades of being whole and alive, but to feel numb is to subtract all progress and run incoherently back to a place I escaped, a place I refuse to return to. So, this heart continues...I've come to two conclusions because of this split, the first is I can't base my inner happiness on someone else (though I can share it). And secondly no matter how much I'd like it to, my mind can't overpower my heart, my emotion won't be denied not even if it seems illogical. One thing is apparent to me and that is the last few weeks of my life has been every emo song I've ever heard rolled into 14 days of reality.

That reminds me, I heard A New Found Glory on the local Sacramento alternative station as a buzz cut between Deftones and Papa Roach. Damn, we lost them...

On Sunday this local rock station has an hour and a half of underground music. The show is called Ear Whacks, where everything from punk to hardcore, grind and death, emo, Oi! and ska and sometimes trance/industrial is broadcast. I never miss it! Last week I heard Missing 23rd, which is just full on skate punk how it used to be played. They played the new Dropkick song, which had this Irish flute or something in there and was just a catchy as fuck sing-a-long. This local girl punk band The Skirts did a cover of Ricky Martin's "Livin' La Vida Loca" and although you'd think that was a bad choice you've gotta hear this. The latest OxyMoron kicks pogo ass. The BLACK HALOS on SUB-POP are a viral combination of Hellicopters and Murder City Devils, which means of course mean-ass rock-n-roll with that I got bad luck but 13 is my lucky number feel that always reminds me of that skeleton holding the martini glass from that Social D album. The new Emo Diaries has some really good heartbreakers and Juliana Theory has got to be the best fuckin' emo out there, I love them, not as much as Davy Havok from A.F.I. though, that boy is fucking sexy in that gothy way. Alkaline Trio and No Motiv both have that pop-influenced street sound, though the Trio has been listening to Braid and the Get-Up Kids I think. Three bands that are fucking tearing shit up with no thought to the weak hearted are Straight Paced, In Flames and Snapcase, fuck this is fast, metal-tinged hardcore with enough energy to reanimate a dead corpse. Selbe The Pres are riot-grrrls after Bitchin' Kill but not quite domestic as Sleater-Kinney. The Punk Goes Metal comp has got a shitload of great cover songs that just sound better punk than they ever did any other way. If you ain't satisfied without grind in your life than you got to hear NASUM and BENUMB, both on Relapse Records and these bands do the HATEBREED/EARTHCRISIS thing harder, crustier, muddier and all around realer than the Victory twin dolls. If you call yourself a fast music lover, you haven't got it yet if you have yet to hear Motohead's new album. And goddamn, BEERZONE, BEERZONE, BEERZONE! Jets to Brazil are back and they are to the new emo sound what Judge is to the hardcore of bands like Cold as Life.

Lydia's got a couple very good columns in here as well as her letter from Italy. If you want to write her about her writings feel free, she is the most gorgeous person I know... Lydia * 760 Siloway Rd. * Randolph Ctr., VT 05061. I just adore her writing she amazes me with her words and we take each other to these epiphanies of intense emotion and thought in our letters. She challenges me to become more of a loving person and not to fear. She has so many inner truths that seem to break my mind open to bigger horizons every time I read her words. Here's a sentence from one of her last letters to me that summed-up everything WXs is: "Breaking through the myriad illusions of the outer layer people put up is what I live for."

Justin has now officially become my partner in thought-crime. He's put away his zine If Only Thought Could Kill for awhile and has dedicated his creative energy to Wiener Society. I can't thank him enough, Justin you are the kind of 16-year-old I wish I could've been. Thank you for everything. Wiener Society could not exist without Justin. Originally wrote the column "Fake Nazi" for Justin's zine, now it's adding pages here.

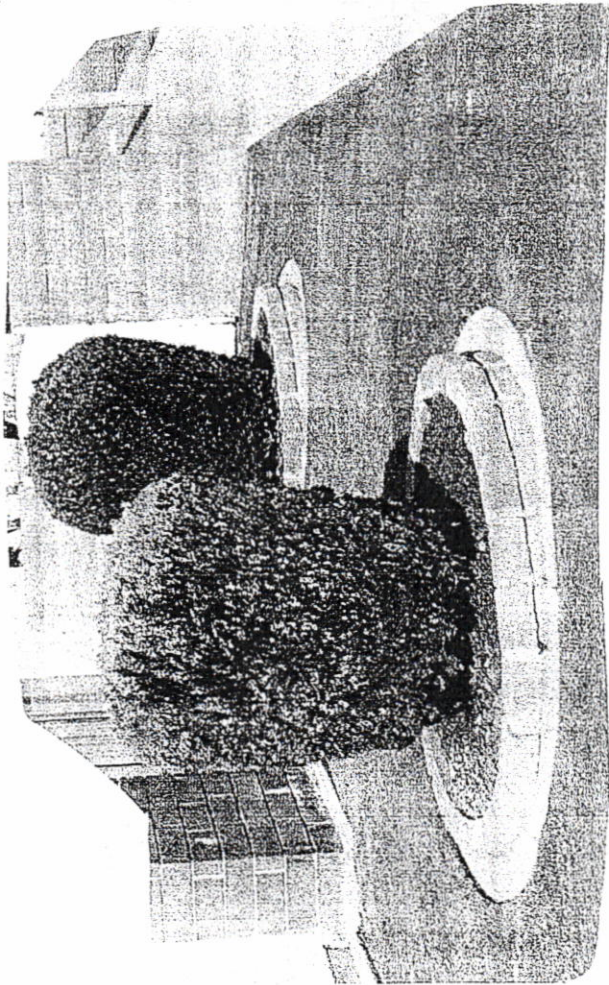
Todd typed a shitload of my fucking ramblings and without his fingers and that computer of his and his girlfriend Stef supporting him half the shit that's in this issue wouldn't be. Todd, thank you my friend and brother, you are one of those true friends that I never really had before now. Todd has mass integrity. Check out his zine Hooligan House, good shit if you like burly Oi! and balsy hardcore to spice your square punk meal. Hooligan House * PO Box 180983 * Utica, MI 48318-0983.

Anthony Rayson continues to prove he has an unlimited supply of dedication and guts. His zine Thought Bombs just keeps getting better (#13.5, the split zine with The Blood Runs Red, was the shit!), his D.I.Y. projects and prisoner support programs are all directly from his heart and he just keeps doing more. Anthony, I'm sorry about your father, it happens to all good men. Write Anthony for prisoner info, his distro list, Thought Bombs or Wiener Society at: Anthony Rayson * 27009 S. Egyptian Trail * Alton, IL 60449, he does ARA organizations in Chicago as well.

Sean Lambert puts out two atomic zines, the D.I.Y. punk as hell You're Not Normal and prisoner info extravaganza Behind These Walls. Sean also distros grips of unbelievable zines and puts out benefit comp tapes for D.I.Y. bottom price. Sean Distros WXs as well: Sean Lambert * 2835 Delaware Ave., Apt 1 * Kenmore, NY 14217.

alive to hate the people who had hurt me for one more day. To hate them with a passion so desperate I remember praying to satan and ~~offering~~ offering my soul just so they would die horrible deaths. That's a twisted up little kid. Self-esteem was base, nothing. A mirror was an enemy, for my eyes accused me of being to blame. For what? What did I do? I continued to live. I learned how to seporate reality from emotion, to numb, to stop caring, when I found my young body being violated from behind I'd focus on the physical pain, cling to a world of burning and push away thought and feeling. No caring. No tears. For some reason physical hurt was easier to cope with than that stabbing my mind, heart, and spirit. These experiences cost me faith in life. I didn't believe in anything but that I deserved to hurt, but I wouldn't give in fully, I would react, lash out. I would be angry, and hate people, and hurt. I thrived on negativity, and that aproach on ~~myself~~ maturity spelled disaster. The suicide attempts lessened when drugs increased, but getting loaded was a ~~temporary~~ temporary way to die. And what finally branded me a legitamite "loser" by those around. I lost the benefit of being fucked up emotionally, you see, I was a little older and doing drugs. Now I got the third degree and soon the door. At thirteen years old the streets of a desert community are harsh and barren, devoid of hopeful inspiration, and cold at night. But a christ-like home didn't tolerate drug use, or angry rebellion, and the bottoms of my shoes befriend-ed the open road.

Through it all I had listened to lies, told by myself and others, that I was nothing, worthless, better off dead and this had become my way of thought and action. As a boy lifeless, unable to do right, but only to increase in pain. Propaganda forced upon myself by my own design. It was my fate to fail. I accepted it and plotted self-destruction. I think it was easier to allow myself to become so immersed in ritualistic decline because of this. The drugs became me. Crime, and jail and prisons, the whole white



This inner belief of worthlessness I can recognize as the bitter root of so much pain I've suffered. I'm not whining, I'm shedding a tear of remorse, to heal and ~~XXXXXX~~ move on. I don't know when I started hating myself. I never went to public school as a child, my mom home schooled me and my siblings, to keep us sheltered from the evil world. To keep us safe from the harm out there, but I don't know if that taught me to formulate walls and be reclusive, but I became very anti-social. I was smarter because of it but didn't have interactive skills. My only "friends" were from our church, and for some reason my refusal to accept the faith left me stranded alone, an outsider from the flock. The sexual abuse from family members created a void in me, and as the years ~~XXXX~~ continued to bring more molestation the emptiness compacted into a ball of grief. Through ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ progressive sessions of inappropriate sexual exposure this pain hardened to hate and a violent anger. I started cutting myself, and wanting to end it all, but I kept it all in, and if the anger hadn't of been stronger the pain I would have died; My motivation was the rage. It kept me

Hook up with all these people, put into effect your own network with these friends of mine and get inspired. I want to hear from you as well. I want to get to know you, hear about your life, your struggles, and your pain, what makes you keep living and what you've been playing on your record player. I want to talk politics, talk about books, exchange poetry and photos, argue ideals or just get to know each other as friends. Draw a picture, take a photo, write something, but send me something to put in the zine. Get involved!

Now there are interviews! Justin did the MILEMARKER chat at one of their shows, the rest I did through the mail and with the help of Todd's e-mail. I want to interview more D.I.Y. bands with nothing but a demo or a little vinyl out, so bands write to me! Send me some flyers too. Send Justin your demo for review. And zines send me yours for a review next time. Most of all write to us!

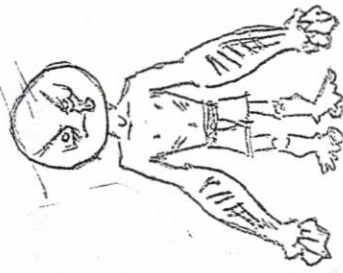
There's one final matter that needs to be addressed while we're on business. This is very important. I think Slug & Lettuce is one of the finest D.I.Y. networking publications out there. Chris(unc) gets all my love and respect for what she does. The classifieds she does is an amazing resource to connect people with other people with similar interests and ideas. Unfortunately the people who send ads in are not always truthful or may work with a hidden agenda and this is in no way Chris' or S&L's fault, there's an unwritten understanding in the scene that you don't use this resource in the wrong way. You are expected to be accountable. In issues #63 and #65 I came across a certain ad that interested me, the ad was from a gay male. At the time I wanted to have a column by a 100% queer standpoint for this issue, so I wrote this guy asking if he'd like to write one. His ad said he was gay, white, skinny, into animal equality, traditional men's dresses, not working for this society and prefers affection to sex. I wrote Hungar and I received a letter back, one page with red ink and this is word for word [misspellings included] his response: "I am a Nazi and I hate you nigger Jew fasionists, you are all homosapiens to me. I am homophobic and being gay means i hate women and any one who likes them to. I would have nothing to do with an animale of your kind. HATE, HUNGAR you queer that is what I call a Jew."

I was as shocked as I am sure you are now. Even madder at how this guy was using FREE SPACE in Slug & Lettuce to gay bash through the mail. I'm secure with myself so this letter only pissed me off, but what if some confused kid writes this fucking idiot for help with coming out or admits being gay for the first time in a letter, then gets an envelope of crushing hate delivered? Disaster. So, I wrote Chris, explained the content of the letter and my concern for kids in danger of Hungar's homophobic hate. Well, Slug & Lettuce will no longer run this fucker's ads. Thank you Chris(unc), We love you. And Hungar, you can suck a dick! If any of you wish to explainto Hungar his problem, or just remind him he's wrong write him at Hungar Berstein * 9801 S. 157th * Gilbert, AZ 85234 and tell him that Neil Edgar said go fuck himself. Neil Edgar, K61832 * A4-114 * PO Box 409000 * Ione, CA 95640 or Justin Rhody * 9605 Deer Trail * Haslett, MI 48840. Activism For Existence.

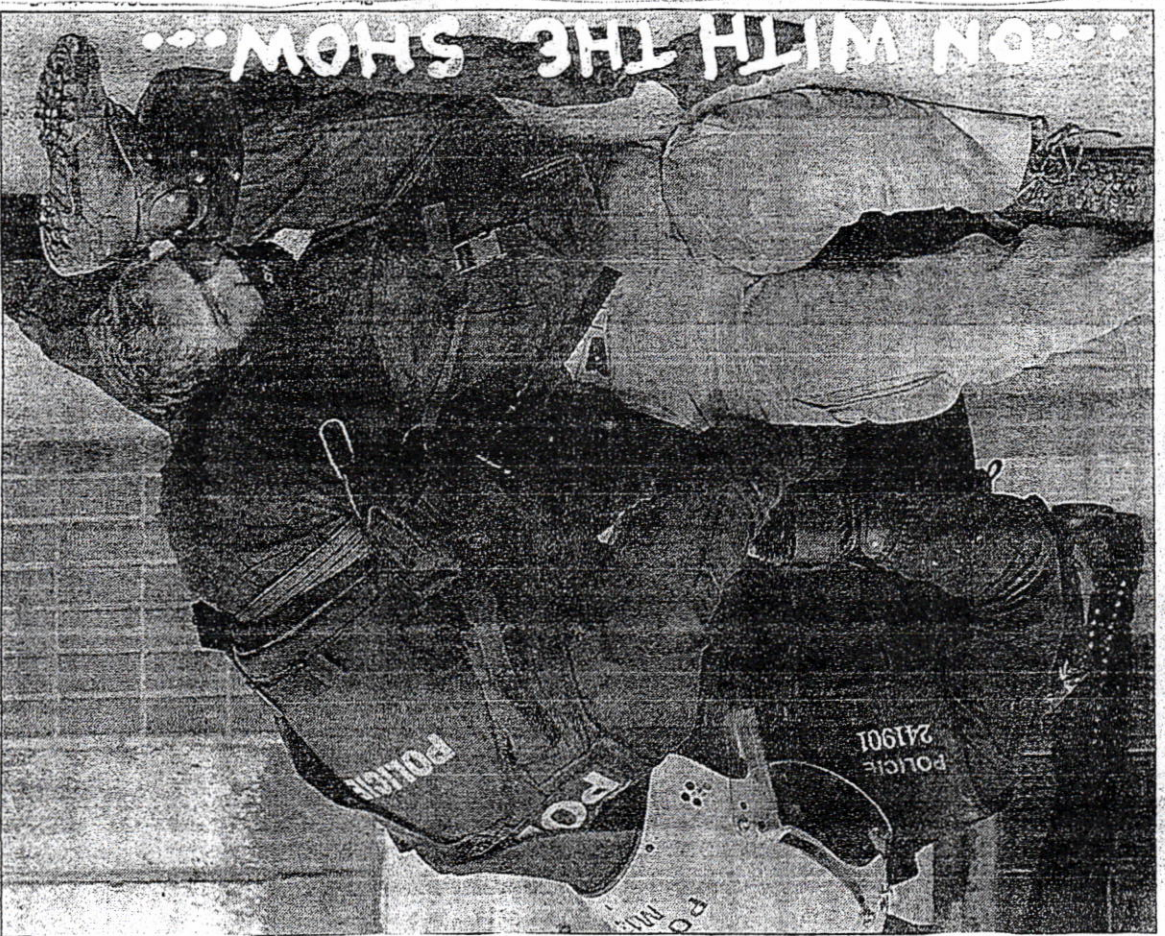
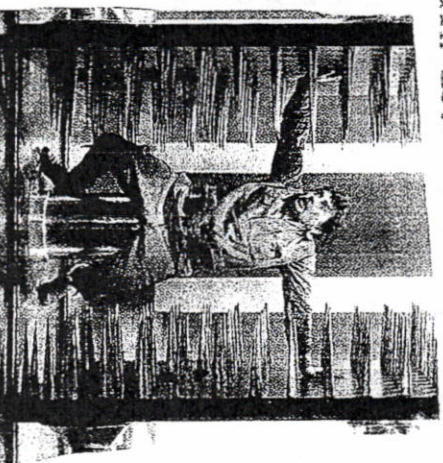
"I cannot stand the word 'tolerance' because tolerance means that you don't have to accept, respect, be cordial to or have knowledge of a certain thing or person...it means you can hate someone and pretentiously play it off like you can 'make friends'..."

Riot Dyke of Riot Dyke zine
 "You've gotta have love in your heart and you've gotta have pain in your life and you've gotta have some vision and confusion for some peace of mind." Screaching Weasel

BI·PRIDE



There is a personal revolution going on with me, deep inside. I'm learning to look, ~~xxxxxx~~ see who I am and what I've been, where I'm going now and where I want to be, actually doing planning, setting standards and boundaries, making aspirations and goals for myself. I've been deeply scarred by my life, and so abusive, to myself and others, so driven by hate, rage, anger and an overwhelming sense of failure. For so long I believed these leanings were coexistent with me, like innate to my being instead of implanted by outside sources and situations. I thought I was just bad, I didn't realize the capacity in me to change, rearrange, redirect, I was a lost cause, and doubt fueled hopelessness, and that is a scary place. When hopelessness nothing else to live for, no reason to be, to try, to go on, nothing left to lose and no chance to gain. But its a state of mind, not of being. I've only discovered this ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ incredible revelation recently. The power of ~~will~~ will, of choice, is as strong a power as any, and the power of destiny isn't as omnipotent as common belief. Destiny is built, its subjective to direction, to focused energy. I choose who I am, where I end up and how I get there. I choose if the lessons I learn through experiences will be adhered to, if I will allow instruction to make me a better person, stronger, or if I allow circumstance to pull me apart, ruin me.



An Underachiever's Diary - Benjamin Anastas

I was extremely impressed with the cynical humor and wit of the majority of this book. However, the latter portion of it seems to have been rushed and is severely lacking the detailed discussions of an ordained life of underachievements that the first half conveys so well. A bitterly funny book worth picking up, despite my lack of satisfaction with certain parts. (The title is very descriptive concerning content.)

\$10. AVON. 1350 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY. 10019

(B&N)

SLUT! Growing Up Female With A Bad Reputation - Leora Tanenbaum

271 pages analyzing the sexual double standard, sexual labels and the underlying problems of sexual stereotyping. An enrapturing book filled with interviews, demystification, and the real reasons why so many girls are called sluts. Most importantly, it explains how some women have overcome their sexual labels and how you, as a human being, can prevent such destructive forces from affecting the people who surround you, as well as yourself. This book is highly recommended to anybody who may be interested in the subject matter. Worth reading as much as life is worth living. (a lot.)

\$13. Harper Collins. 10 East 53rd St. NY, NY. 10022

(B&N)

The Kentucky Rules - Cynthia Nelson

A beautiful collection of poetry with accompanying illustrations by Tara Jane O'Neil (of similar quality, of course.) Both are members of the band Retain. Actually, this book was published three years ago, but I just liked it so much that I feel to spread the word. I'm pretty selective when it comes to poetry and, besides a few duds, this is an amazing collection. Full of straight forward emotion and candid humor.

\$10. Softskull. 100 Suffolk St. NY, NY. 10002

Outline Of My Lover - Douglas A. Martin

An absolutely elegant novel constructed from the thought-statements of a boy with a (celebrity) boyfriend and the parasitic relationship that occurs there in. Douglas Martin successfully manipulates the English language to produce meaningful sentences without resorting to age old methods or legions of "evasive" euphemisms. Delicate like a station wagon - you deserve this book, and this book deserves you.

\$12. Softskull. 100 Suffolk St. NY, NY. 10002

(SALAD DAYS REVIEW BY NEIC)
(ALL OTHERS BY JUSTIN)

B&N MEANS YOU CAN STEAL THESE FROM
BARNES AND NOBLE.

The Politics of Gun Control

By Todd Hooligan

George Bush has now taken office and nothing has really changed and truthfully in this country of bureaucracy nothing will truly change over the next 4 (or possibly 8) years. One of the topics that got my attention was the candidate's opinion on the second amendment. That's the one that says that we have the right to bear arms.

People assume that this country needs stricter gun laws. It's been a big debate over the last couple of years. Kids have been getting a hold of guns and that forces people to see that as these countries current gun laws are too lax. Firearms are the most regulated products in our country, more than alcohol, cigarettes and automobiles. Companies that make firearms are required to keep immaculate records detailing every step in the manufacturing product and where that weapon is shipped. Dealers are required to be federally licensed, which they don't get by just asking for it. Dealers also have strict guidelines on who they may sell to. Individuals who wish to purchase personal firearms must get a purchaser's permit which requires them to pass an extensive background check and they must register the gun after it is purchased, make that immediately after it is purchased. Do people have to first get a license to purchase cigarettes, alcohol or automobiles? No! What I don't understand is how some individuals can claim that this country needs more government gun regulations. Are people that naive? Criminals do not purchase their weapons from a gun shop. The recent rash of school and workplace shootings, which has been the rallying call for the forces who oppose the second amendment, shows that the weapons have been illegally obtained. They were either bought from unlicensed street dealers or were stolen. Criminals are not as stupid as people assume, they know that a handgun that is purchased legally is easier to trace than one that is gained by illegal means.

One only needs to look at Australia to see that stronger gun laws do not work. Australia has banned private ownership of firearms and since the ban took effect crime rates have skyrocketed out of control. Crimes committed with handguns have risen even faster than the average crime rate. This only proves that it is not hard for criminals to obtain weapons, actually it is easier for them to obtain them than it is for the average citizen of any country to get them.

Responsible people who legally purchase their firearms prevent 50,000 crimes each year in this country. I know that figure doesn't even come close to how many crimes each year are committed with firearms, but there is a difference. The crimes that are prevented are done so with legally owned firearms. Without those firearms 50,000 more people each year would be the victims of a crime. They could have been the victims of rape or murder. The criminal's will always be able to obtain their weapons so how can you prevent people from the opportunity to defend themselves.

I'm not saying there should be no regulations on guns, I'm just saying that we don't need stricter laws than those that we already have. I personally see no problems with a waiting period for gun purchases. I actually support the need for stricter regulations at gun shows. I support the bill that would require trigger locks with every handgun purchased. Just because you get a trigger lock does not mean that you have to use it. If you have no kids in the house and you are the only one that has access to the weapon then there is no need for you to use it, but what harm does it do to have it. I don't understand why they limit the number of rounds that a handgun can hold. Is there really a difference between 10 rounds and 16? I've been training on handguns since I was 12, I also have extensive military firearms training and truth be told it would not take me more than one round to kill someone. At 12 I also started shooting archery and am almost as efficient with that as I am with a pistol. So is the solution to ban the bow and arrow? Than again 6 years in the Army being taught hand to hand combat and martial arts since I was 10 have made me pretty good at that, so what is the solution for that?

People assume that I would support stricter gun control measures. Three years ago my brother took his own life using a handgun. Did he go to the store and purchase the handgun, wait the 5 or so days that a background check requires? He knows that he would have never passed the background check. He had a criminal record that would have excluded him from getting the purchaser's permit. He stole the pistol; it was one of only two ways for him to obtain it. He either had to steal it or get it on the streets. The fact is he stole it from me. He broke a trigger lock on the pistol. The pistol was also locked in a pistol case and the pistol case was locked in one of two filing cabinets, both of which he pried open. Was his suicide my fault? No, I don't think it was; as you can see I was a responsible gun owner who went well beyond the legal means of gun ownership. Is his death the gun industry fault? No it isn't, how could it be. The manufacturer followed all laws in producing that gun. Is it the dealer that sold me the guns fault? No, they followed the letter of the law in selling me the gun. Who is to blame for my brother's death? My brother and my brother alone. He was unhappy with the way his life was going and decided that he didn't want to continue. If there were no such things as guns would he still be alive today? I doubt it; he would have found another way to end his life. I can't blame Glock, Ruger, Colt or any other companies that create handguns, they didn't hand

punk, now stuck in a cell for a murder ~~he~~ he was innocent of. ~~XXXXX~~ Fucking system. He was a victim just like so many others. They broke him off LWC, that means life without the possibility of parole, ever. He read it twice, looked up, asked if it was true, and when I nodded he smiled. "Did you ever wear a dress? he laughed, smiling wide. "OK, so what? That so bad?" I laughed back. "No, whatever, that's cool." Then he got serious, tossing the Maximumprockroll on his bunk. "You need to write more buddy. Start that zine bro."

So I started thinking about it. What would I write about? I have so many opinions, convictions, lies to set straight, truths to admit, stories to relay, memories to relive. Arguments on homophobia, equality and ~~XXXXXX~~ tolerance, a fucked up society, the government, prison industrial complex, human rights, animal rights, the world environment, drug addiction, feminism, racism, guns and violence. Thoughts are never dormant in my mind, rather chaotic but passionate. I had things to say. Then the letters started coming. Punks and revolutionaries out there in the community who had read the column and had felt an impact. I was stunned once again. Somehow I had reached from behind prison walls and touched people, and they responded. Words of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ encouragement, of respect, of honesty, of compassion, of interest, hope and sincerity. These people heard me and understood.

Amelia B. Preston from Louisville, KY, a 22 year old hairdresser into goth told me she had always fantasized about getting involved with heavy drug use, that hard drugs had been appealing in a forbidden sense, but reading of my experiences she was grateful for her stable life... "my heart breaks at the thought of all you've been through, and not to lambast you for your sordid past, though you've done many things I condemn... I think its because I see a very intelligent person with a heart." She signed the letter... "Stay Intact."

I needed to find a payphone and call Kristy, my young and clueless girlfriend who I had completely corrupted and ruined. After me she'd be useless. "Come pick me up now, got shit on me". She'd pull up in her "oh so cute don't you think" Jetta with the sunroof and CD player sporting a Sublime bumper sticker and a look on her face that said "mommy bought the car". "Scoot over..." she'd jump in the passenger seat and look at me as I jumped in and ejected White Zombie, tossing it in her lap and tell her to "turn that shit" I'd dig in my backpack looking for something fucking fast, loud and pissed to put in. The music needed to match my mood. Volume at max I'd floor the car, my head moving in double time to the bass drum, eyes on Kristy's pouting face more than the road, yelling, screaming the lyrics. "I want some dope" she'd say, her eyes alight with that sick ilk addiction becomes. How did she get turned out so easily? Why do all good girls cream for a rotten naughty boy? I don't understand the attraction but I know that it exists. I've helped to destroy far too many "good" girls. Someone fucked me up when I was still innocent and I guess I've been trying to repay 'em all.

We'd find a dirt road on the outskirts of town to get out of sight. I'd pull out my tweaker pack, rummaging through the junk to find the half-empty bottle of warm tap water laced with black holes. I mixed up two big shots in the spoon, pulling up 50cc's for my desire ridden rag-doll, her arms used to be meaty and tanned now they're pale and marked like mine with purple bruises in the crook of her arm. She'd give me her arm, squeezing her bicep and pumping her fist, averting her eyes vacantly looking into nothing waiting to be rocketed from the void of her need by the chemical solution. I shot her up; I always seemed to give her a little more than the last time. Damn shame. I wanted company at the bottom, so I created a creature to share my world of nothingness and pain. I was a piece of fucking dog shit.

My load was the devil in a meth molecule hot rod, perverting me even deeper. I felt the dope burrowing a path in my veins, completely reducing my body to small galaxies of atoms suddenly charged to overdrive. Everything became fuzzy and sharp. Kristy wouldn't shut her mouth spitting random thoughts out before she realized what it was that she was saying, her thoughts jumbled and jumping. She sounded schizophrenic. I tore out into the empty desert road to the anthems of Das Klown.

Driving around all day and night slinging Skol's dope to addicts and tweakers of all sizes and shapes. From one ghetto to another they all shared the same pleading expression in their eyes, their souls screaming at me through bloodshot whites and dilated pupils. The speed in my hands was their only savior from a repulsive existence and no one wanted to wake from the intoxicated stupor because the truth of what they were, what we were was unfaceable. My soul screamed back at them "help me, help us, do something!" But I did nothing except take the money and hand over a baggie of rocky powder.

After two days of peddling drugs, gas stations and phone booths, 40 oz's that killed the thirst, shots of speed, Wasted Youth and Black Flag, driving, avoiding cops, no showers, fucking on back roads in dusty sweat, eating nothing and acquiring a fat stack of dope money, Kristy dropped me off at Skol's and speed off glad to be rid of me. All she needed to survive was that half-gram I provided her. She'd be back though. Too bad, too bad I didn't love her enough to stop helping her ruin her life. Skol gave me a quarter oz. and 50 bucks for the two days of hell. He also gave me a Suicidal Tendencies "Join the Army" t-shirt. "Give me a tattoo, bro..." and he did, SID, my daughter's name, on my forearm. Needle marks were filled with black ink. My arm was impaled so many times a day, I had a fixation.

I called Angela, my stripper friend, to catch a ride to Palmdale and my squat apartment. When she pulled up I fell into the passengers seat. Too Short was in, I switched it to Swingin' Utters as she told me her good news. "I got into the business! I'm so happy! \$1200 a movie! I've gone amateur..." Promoted from stripper to nobody porn star, I guess I was supposed to be happy for her. She showed me her new tits at a stop sign, silly me I hadn't even noticed, only her third job. 20,000 green backs for the fake fantasy inducing male control devices. She also had a new tattoo on her belly just above the piercing. PORN STAR. "That's original", I said.

She had some crystal, the good shit. She didn't slam and there was a no shooting up policy in her car, so we snorted a couple lines. I gagged, my nose felt like a rotten cavity as the chemicals disintegrated and coated my constricting throat. She

I got busted in '97 after a 5-month dope binge with a stolen gun, a nickel-plated 9mm. As I sat in the back of the cop car puking (trying to launch vomit through the metal mesh between the hard plastic seat I sat on in the back and the comfy upfront ones of the cops, only getting it all over my filthy pants and combat boots), I knew I was going to prison. No stopping it. I hadn't reported to my P.O. in months, had 3 warrants that I knew of (grand theft firearm, grand theft auto and grand theft property. I was at a point in my sedated and stimulated life where I truly believed if I could steal something from you than you didn't deserve it) and my probation was joint-suspension, meaning if I got arrested before completing the 5-year probationary period (which was a sure thing, trouble was my choice) I would be headed at sonic speeds to the joint to play don't I look tough fella with the big boys. I was 20, about 120 lbs., a human stick-bug with bulging bloodshot, vacant vacuums for eyes. Strings with ink and needle marks made up my arms, the rest of my body pale from moonlit nocturnal activities and a brain of toxic narcotic dreamy conspiracies. I had been spun out without a chance to sleep in days, hadn't eaten in more and had just done my first shot of heroin in my life an hour before the black and white crushed my chance to stay on the streets. I was fucked!

I shouldn't have done the heroin. Then I could have run when I heard the squealing brakes behind me. If I had done a shot of speed instead I could have ditched those pigs when the hyper adrenaline threw my feet mad against the pedals of my borrowed, stolen, pieced together, tweaker-rigged bike with the black maglight duct-taped to the handle bars. I would've gotten away, again. Instead, I was on a slow, sloppy ride from the heroin and reaction time was inadequate to do much of anything. That was a bad, bad day. Well, eight or nine days.

I had been running ounces of speed for this dude Skol, who was keeping me high, giving me tattoos, CD's, guns, small cash, bag whores to spend a few raunchy hours with when my deviant side got out of control, and various other illegal shit to do the job. He was mass-paranoid because one of his customers getting busted with a fanny-pack full of speed and being back out that night and at Skol's door begging to buy a half pound, more than the dude had ever fucked with before. Skol knew it was a set-up and the cops would have their eyes on him. That's at least the story he told me. I didn't give a fuck if dude wanted to hole up in his studio room on the east-side ghetto of Lancaster and pay me to run his shit. Hell, I didn't care if he had testified on a murder before as long as I got dope. My head was so fucked from the drugs anyway and I was always running from the man. I was stretching fate and luck to the limit, two twin sisters who have never appreciated me giving them no respect. They still hold a grudge. I'd show up around 2a.m to answer a page Skol had sent hours before (he gave me a stolen pager so he could contact me wherever I may be creeping, pillaging or sneaking). When I got there I'd do the knock, 3 taps and a "...psst! It's me fucker, open up..." with a couple more taps on the painted over window next to the porch. He used to flip on the porch light until I smashed the bulb once when a cop was sliding by. I'd wait for him and his girl Megan to get dressed, grab the gun and throw all the locks to the tweak den. I'd load the dope into my backpack, take off my leather jacket and fix the shot of speed waiting in the spoon and slam it all. The rush, hairs on my neck electrified, my breath stolen, coughing the chemical taste, my stomach knotting up, goose bumps everywhere, and my dick erect to the point of almost exploding in my boxers. I'd get a tattoo from Skol, while Megan yelled for having me over so late. I'd then get a few more CD's, another clip for the 9, some personal dope stash, a few beers and then I'd hit the cold, blurry streets just before dawn and the real world woke up.

That is the loneliest feeling in the world. Alone, high and hopeless under the gray dreary sky, the stars winking out like your future. Feet hurting from walking in the chill and the sun coming up like a crimson eye of some hateful god. I hated being out in the light where people could see me for what I was, unhealthy, hurt, drugged, failing, empty, done-with, dirty and self-abused. I always wore my leather and a long thermal shirt to cover the tracks on my arms and to hide the new tattoos from my scratching fingers. I'd been wearing the same jeans for about a week. I needed to get back to my squat for a few days, after I did the deliveries of course.

"Oi Neil", said Melody Pascal from Montebello, CA, "Although I do not know you personally, I respect you for getting through all the experiences you've had throughout your life & for being so straight forward about yourself. Thank you for ~~xxxxxx~~ sharing with me. Pursue the zine idea, its a good one." She sent some flyers too.

In his first letter Justin Rhody, 16, from Michigan said he had never come into contact with any fascists or racists, but had grew up his whole life around drug addicts. Said his dad uses heroin 3 times a day, lives with "goony people and gets kicked out of ~~xxx~~ everywhere." He grew up seeing his mom beaten by his father in drunken fits. "I think you're a really good writer and actually have something to say! GASP! SHOCK! HORROR! If you really do want to make a zine, I'll do everything I can to help. Just send me the material." He promised to send a copy of his zine "If Only Thoughts Could Kill" and some flyers from his band SMUT. He's one of my closest penpals now. Without ~~xxxxxx~~ Justin this zine wouldn't exist.

John Murphy of "No Comply" zine out of IL, offered to give me a forum to speak out in No Comply. I sent him a contribution ~~xxxxxx~~ called "Expose On 21st Century Hate" a piece about how the white power movement targets teens as a prime focus for recruits or victims. It will be printed here in a later issue.

Todd Keyser from Utica, MI, wrote... "I just read your column in MRR #204 & I thought it was great. It really made me think about my life and how I too made some of the same stupid mistakes. I got caught up in all that White Pride crap and am so glad that I turned my back on all of that." He asked if I could send something to print in his "Remember Brian" zine, a tribute to the late Brian Deneke. I wrote an article and sent it we've become solid friends.

with head phones on, blasting DK "Plastic Surgery Disasters." Riot, the unbeatable high, tomorrow your homeless, tonight its a blast.

This zine is not mine, it is not owned, it is "ours", a part of our unified collective. I stand for unity and equality in all sub-factions of our scene today. Tolerance and equality mean what they say, we're all the same. I told Lydia in my letter to her I sent out tonight that this zine is a ~~xxxxxxx~~ continuum, pieces of ourselves we offer back to our totality, to have filtered back to us through response. So respond. You are just as vital to wxs as I am, or Lydia and her travel log from Italy, or Justin & the copy machine, and Todd and his music reviews. Become an active part of our resistance and write something, draw something, interview a band, ~~xxxx~~ review a couple cd's, zines, books, take some pictures of a show, of yourself. Want to meet people like you? Want to write me? Well, get in touch.

—NEIL

.....



J: Books and love.

K: Yes, sir.

#25 Is classification destroying punk?

J: I don't think so. It's not like punk rock is an establishment. There's not really much to destroy. At the most we're just a loosely knit network of kids. Yes, I hate going to a show and seeing five different bands playing the same one song over and over again, but I also don't like coming home with ska albums. Maybe if I was a part of a "scene" I'd understand. I think the problem is the kids that only associate with people who like the same things as they do. From what I see, diversity is more than needed.

#26 Give me an example of non-punk music that you listen to.

J: Although a lot of the stuff I listen to isn't in MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, to me, if it's a good idea and it's fun, then it's punk rock. Example: The Raincoats extended play 10"

K: Wu Tang Clan.

#27 Tell me a story of a punk show gone bad that you were at.

J: Five white boys were in a band yelling about the injustices of the world while a gang of their white boy friends were beating each other up in the front.

#28 Fill me in on your other forms of activism.

J: I do a zine called If Only Thoughts Could Kill, but due to a lack of free time I've decided to put that on hold for awhile. I help put together this zine. I'm in a band called Dinosaurs, Baseball and Hopscotch and I do some solo stuff too. I've recently started a cassette only label called Friends and Relatives, that's a lot of fun to do. I contribute to a few zines when asked, I give piles of zines and pamphlets away at shows, I like spinach pizza and I argue a lot.

K: My activism is on a social level in most cases, especially in school. I love to debate.

#29 Is violent demonstrations and activism a logical step toward a significant change?

J: Logical? No. Possible? Yes.

#30 What negative aspects of society motivate your band to speak?

K: Credulity.



JUSTIN

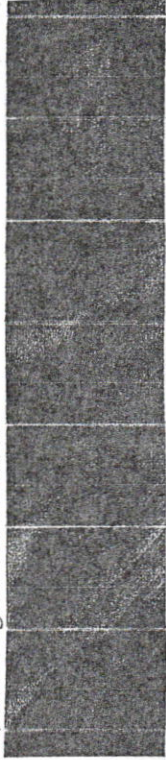


KEITH

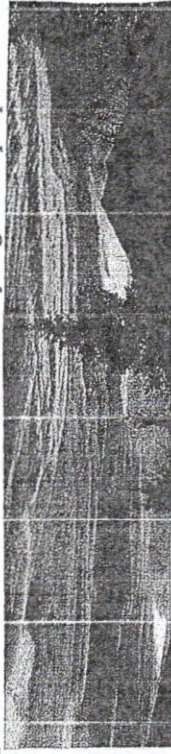
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Illuminati in guise who seek to control the global blue skies, but yet they're tainted with crimson from the blood of all the innocent people wrongfully killed all for a master plan, tyranny, repression and cultural genocide is your sole means, it's what you eat and breath, it's what you teach your children and all those who are naïve and stupid enough to follow.

Salvation is the spirit of your cause, subdivision of the people is the cancer that nurtures your body which causes it to strengthen and grow, unification is the key to remission that is why you created these false religions and doctrines.



Through war, famine and diseases you've achieved your population management control, through world wide economy and corporations you've obtained poverty and exploited the labor of both children and adults, through need to have materialistic elements, ideas and concepts you've created the ultimate product, a virus that contains and represses the mind and free will. This is what you give our people.



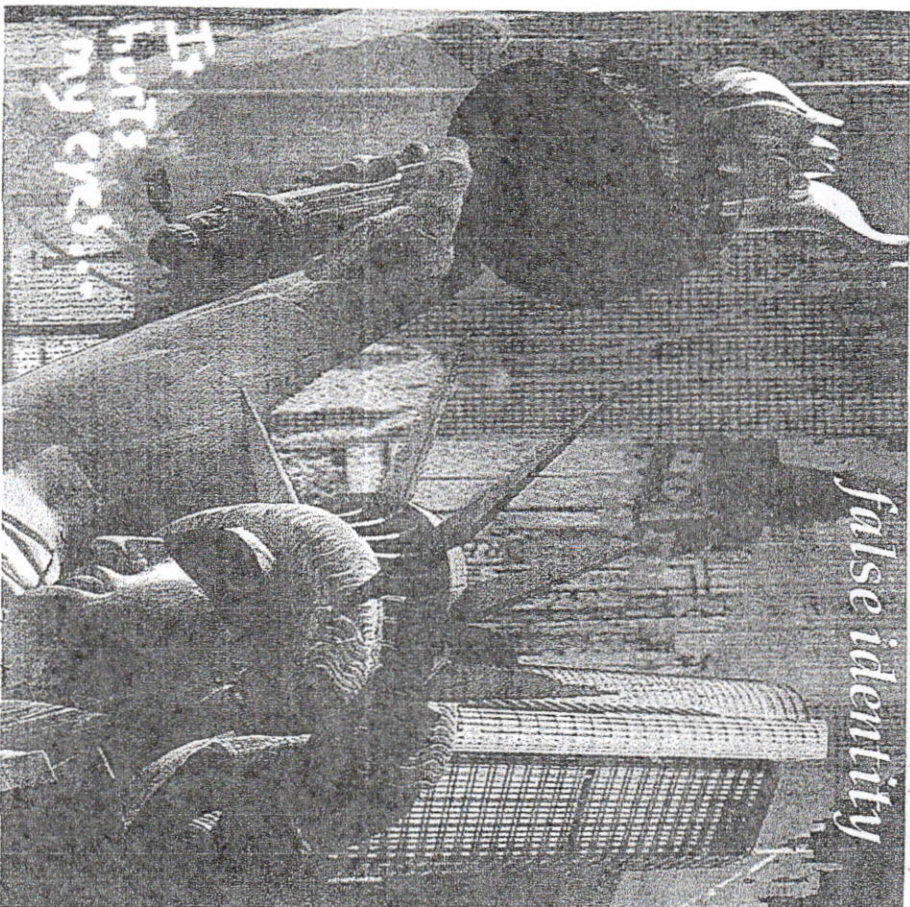
Cultural and heritage movements are wasted ploys in the big game for they create subdivision and racism which nurtures the illuminati's growth. It has been prophesied and now it has been fulfilled, it has taken 2000 years now the Knights of Malta has risen by placing King George Bush on the throne, now the constitution will be suspended and monarchy will rise.

Now is the time to take down all racial barriers and hold hands with all your brothers and sisters through out the world to unify, to protect and to end the unjust. Look to the sky when the crimson shows, hold up your arms, make a fist and listen to the stories of all your brothers and sisters who have died behind the people in guise, then you'll receive the strength that is necessary to fight and challenge the foe before its too late....

--RICKY

FALSE IDENTITY

false identity



J: Um, Half Japanese, The Raincoats, The Monkees, Sonic Youth, early Black Flag (before Henry), The Vaselines, The Melvins, The Temptations (original line-up of course) and Daniel Johnston. That's really all I can think of right now.

K: Oh wow, that's quite the bold question. All of the above including a vast amount of hardcore bands, riot grrrl bands, and many others like Charles Bronson, Spazz, Minor Threat, S.O.A., Teen Idles, Bikini Kill, Screaching Weasel, Beat Happening, Pinhead Gunpowder, Nirvana was a huge influence on me as well as many, many more. These are the ones off the top of my head.

#21 Is there a story behind the band name?

J: We went through a barrel full of absolutely horrible names (The Nerdcats, The Delicious Turds, etc.) and one day Keith and I were in French class looking in the French-English dictionaries for cuss words. We saw the word smut and made the ever-brave decision right there in French 1. I'm fine with the name, but I'm just worried that it's going to misrepresent us (if it hasn't already.) Of course we both own pornography and enjoy it, but I in no way want to promote it. I suppose I'm just concerned about my emotional-feminist-boy image.

#22 Give me your stance on violence and guns. Is violence ever necessary? How about personal arms?

J: Basically, I feel that different situations call for different actions. Violence should always be a last resort, but I can easily think of reasons to use it. Personally, I hate guns, but as a law abiding citizen, I absolutely demand access to one if I so choose. Asking my stance on the right to bear arms is a pretty broad question and I'm not exactly sure how to give an answer that would express how I feel.

K: I'm a pacifist. Recently, I have thought this matter out. I believe it is important to have the right to arm bears....I mean the right to bear arms. It is essential for the states to have the power to form a militia, hence the need for the second amendment.

#23 Anarchism or government reform?

J: Government reform. There are far too many chances for anarchy to have an extremely negative effect, more than government reform anyway. However, I do agree with many of the anarchist ideals.

K: Without a doubt, government reform. Sudden anarchy is chaotic. Government reform through a series of revolutions.

#24 Do you guys use any type of mind-altering substances?

J: Yeah, I suppose. We're not as based in our convictions as a lot of bands. Which I think is good.....being a little more open minded. I don't think our lyrics are that abstract though. I feel certain ways about certain things, but everything is so complex and connected, that I feel by writing about situations overall and not in detail we're covering a lot more ground and offering opportunities to be inspired, that would other wise not exist. So, yes, that's the idea.

#16 You mention two authors as being influential to your songs, Carl Sagan and Nancy Hale. Why do you recommend these authors?

J: Both of those people are/were beautiful writers and extremely intelligent human beings. Every day I'm inspired by a slew of people, situations and emotions to live life and create a thousand tiny things that nobody will probably ever care about. I just had two songs that were about or inspired by Carl Sagan and Nancy Hale and we just happened to record those two songs for the tape.

K: Ever since I read *The Demon Haunted World* (by Carl Sagan), I have been enthralled with everything he has ever done. I am finishing up *Billions And Billions*, which is a phenomenal book and I encourage everyone and their grandma to read it. The implement that causes me to write is usually the amount of ignorance I'm forced to face at school everyday. It's not a big deal to them, but the intelligence among ignorance becomes the one who concedes. That's unfair and what better subject to write about than injustice? I not only refer to songs but pieces for the most part.

#17 What is Beat Happening?

J: Beat Happening is a lo-fi, fairly obscure pop band from the northwest that I'm, for the most part, obsessed with.

#18 What triggers the need in you to create music?

K: For me personally, I bang on my drums to release anger, but to create music is to throw your beliefs in one's face and hope some of it leaves scars.

J: "If your heart beats are you not a musician?" -John Cage

#19 Say hi to two people real quick.

K: Hello Randi; hello Paul.

J: Hi Annabelle and Hank.

#20 What early punk bands are cherished in the young Smut heart?

Hailing from Detroit, Michigan is the hardcore band False Identity. Formed in 1998 by three high school friends the band recorded their debut release "It Hurts My Eyes...". In 1999, the band rearranged the lineup moving their bassist over to guitar and recruiting a new bassist. This new lineup recorded their second CD, a six song EP untitled simply "EP". By the year 2000 the band still felt their was an ingredient missing and they found a second guitarist who has provided the band with the spark that they were looking for. The lineup is now: Mike DiLaura (MD) - vocals

Tom Mulrenin - guitar
Steve Kurmas (SK) - guitar
Taras Shalay (TS) - bass
Matt Szlaga - drums

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Wiener Society (WS): How old were each of you when you knew music was what you wanted to do?

TS: At about the age of 14 was when I started to play guitar, I was as interested in becoming a musician as much as I was with being in a punk band. After about two months I was already writing my own songs and that was when I decided this was what I wanted to do.

WS: What's up with Detroit, do you guys slam dance there or what?

TS: I am honestly disappointed with the Detroit scene, the closet thing to pits we see here are at local hardcore shows. Here in Detroit the pure punk scene is fading and being replaced by other versions like hardcore and emo.

WS: Why play hardcore and not something more accessible like pop?

TS: The energy and the way the crowd reacts are what keep me playing. I could write songs that would appeal to a wider audience, but it wouldn't be what I want to do. I'd find no satisfaction in that.

WS: Are there any good emo bands?

TS: I personally don't like emo, but that doesn't mean that there aren't any talented bands. Locally I'd have to say Wafflehouse* are good, but on a wider scale I'd have no idea since it's not what I listen to.

MD: Personally I'm not a big fan of emo, but there are a lot of talented musicians that play that genre.

WS: What lies ahead for False Identity?

TS: Well the immediate future holds a lot of local shows as well as some in Canada and the surrounding states. Beyond that we're looking at writing more songs for future releases, which include a split 7" and a limited edition 7" which will only be sold during our summer 2001 tour. We've also been asked to contribute a track to a Subhumans tribute album that Arcane records is putting out. After the tour we plan on hitting the studio to release our next full-length.

WS: Tell me the focus behind False Identity, why do you guys do it?

TS: We do this because it's what we love. We'd continue to play this even if we could only draw 5 people to our shows. As long as we still love what we're doing we will continue to do it.

WS: What's the best song on the new CD?

TS: Each song has it's own unique style and I truly love 'em all. My favorite song to play live would be "MTV" because I'm selfish and it's the one song I sing lead vocals on.

MD: Stop the Lies, just because it's a fast and energetic song that has a great message.

WS: You guys ever cut any vinyl?

TS: So far both of our releases have been put out on CD, but we'll have some vinyl available within the next 8 months. I love vinyl, the hiss and pop that you hear when you drop the needle, but it's so much less expensive now a days to release material in the CD format. When you're self-releasing your material every penny counts.

WS: Is patriotism a good thing? How do you feel about being American?

TS: We sing a song called "Patriot Terror" which deals with an experience in our lives. One night Nick Hydel (friend of the band, author of the song), Mike and myself were at a party. Nick was wearing an Anti-Flag patch that was ripped off and burned in front of us by members of the U.S. Military. They danced around in pride of their country over a piece of material. We're not anti-

American or pro-anarchy; we just don't condone the extreme ideas of some so-called patriots. I'm proud to be living in the most prosperous nation in the world, but that doesn't mean our government is perfect.

WS: Where did the name of the band come from?

MD: I chose the name because I felt it went along well with a lot of the topics that we sing about. A lot of people in the world never show themselves that is their actual selves they show people who they think that they want to see instead of being true.

WS: Best two punk bands ever?

TS: I grew up listening to the early California stuff so Bad Religion has always been a personal favorite of mine. Their lyrics are what make them more appealing to me than any other band. I'd have to say the other band would be Rancid because they've never forgotten their roots and managed to keep the old school sound alive.

MD: I'd have to say Minor Threat and Rancid. Minor Threat because they sang about what they believed in and didn't give a fuck what anyone else said and Rancid because of the way they combine all their different roots and combined them into something that is 100% theirs. No one else sounds like Rancid.

WS: What are False Identity's ethics, do you guys stand up against shit?

TS: We're not an extremely political band, but we do have values. Songs like "Patriot Terror" deals with extreme patriotism and how it's similar to fascism, "MTV" and "Don't Conform" deal with blindly following the lead of others and selling yourself to corporations.

WS: Do you participate in the hardcore crew thing?

TS: None of the crew stuff here. We have a close group of friends that we'd stand behind no matter what, but it's far from a crew.

WS: Veganism or Big Mac?

TS: Neither, it's cheeseburgers for me even though I deeply respect people who have the strength to do the vegan thing, it takes a deep amount of commitment. I do hate when some vegans take it to a militant stance and start degrading others who don't share their views.

WS: What's your position on gun control?

TS: Give everyone a gun and see who's still standing. Seriously though I don't think it's the government place to place limits on the rights of its citizens.

WS: Is racism still a threat to today's youth?

TS: No matter what people may think racism is still a huge problem in this country. Unfortunately it's a problem that there is no solution for. It's impossible to change the attitude of every ignorant person in the world the best thing you can do as an individual is to treat everyone equal and attempt to educate the ignorant, because some of them may be able to change.

WS: What drugs do you guys use?

TS: Let's just say we're far from being Straight Edge. There's no X's on our hands unless we're trying to be funny.

WS: One night stands, good or evil?

TS: Always good, not that I've ever had one, but I imagine it would be fun.

WS: Would you tattoo your mom's name on your neck? Your Dad's?

TS: If they were on their deathbed and they asked me to.. I tend to physically show my parents affection. I would tattoo Todd's (our managers) sisters name on my dick though.

WS: Have any of you ever been arrested?

TS: As of yet none of us have been arrested, but hanging around the Hooligan House we've had run ins with the cops that have ended with the house being raided and with me in cuffs face first on the ground.

#10 Talk about your demo.

J: I like it.

K: I was impressed and indeed, Ryan's assistance was greatly appreciated.

#11 What was the best show you two put on and where's your next?

J: My favorite show was at Todd Keyser's house. We read from Beyond Good And Evil by Friedrich Nietzsche, danced to a halo bender's song and played fourteen songs in about ten minutes. Our next wonderful tea party/punk show is wherever someone asks us to play.

K: I am in total agreement with the J-Dog, but it seems that the last show we play is always the best. I like this progressive show-playing state we're in. I highly recommend any Nietzsche you can get your hands on.

J: Some of the stuff Nietzsche did is horrible though, so stay away from that.

#12 What "new" band do you feel is impact-worthy and has integrity?

J: The only band that even comes to mind is Lovesick. They're just the most amazing band I've ever seen. I don't think there's any other band in the world that even comes close to them. The first time I seen them was at Empire Of One in Flint. They played with This Robot Kills, who I think Keith and I both agree are nothing short of amazing themselves. If you ever have a chance to see them play I urge you to do so and I can guarantee that, at the least, two years of pure happiness will be added to your life.

K: Took the word out of my mouth.

#13 Here's a few odd ones, in two words sum up teenage life.....

J: dialect, Ideservetohavelivedahundredyearsago.

K: Independent spirit.

#14 Now in one word describe yourself.....

J: Smorgasbord.

K: Blah.

#15 O.K., I'm looking at the photocopied Smut demo insert, checking out the lyrics and I notice unlike many bands, Smut uses a more abstract approach to social issues, almost in a way that can be interpreted differently by each individual, is this the idea?

#8 Why punk rock and not hair metal?

J: I'm not good enough at guitar.

K: I can't twirl a drumstick between my fingers.

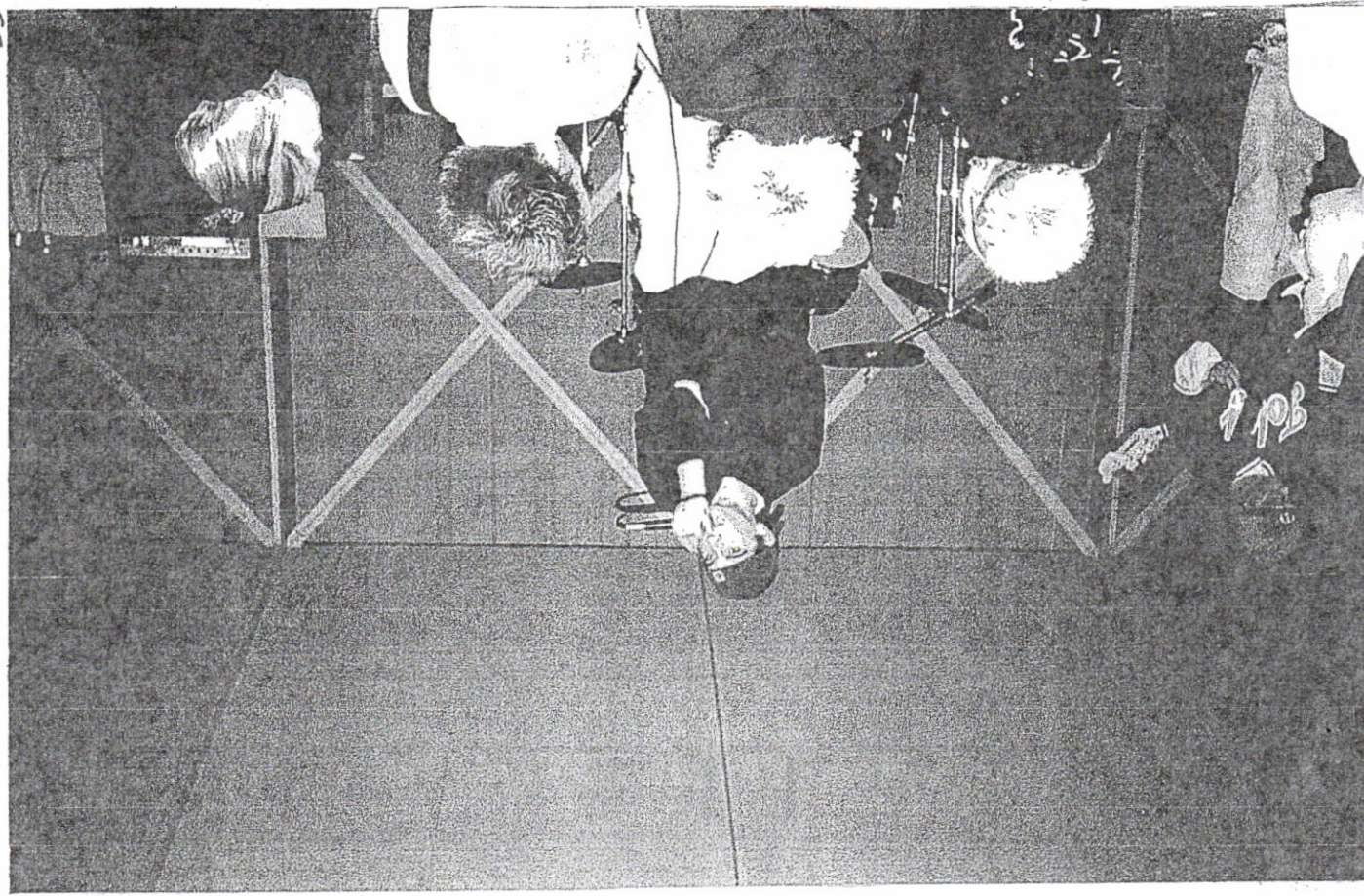
#9 Give me some insight on your local scene, if it's active and other dedicated bands around.

J: Vinyl Addict Records used to have really great shows until they got shut down for fire hazards. They're still active, they just can't have shows anymore. They also have a huge selection of zines and pamphlets on a vast array of topics, from books on vibrators to anarchist essays. Mike, who runs the shop, also helps organize the local Food Not Bombs chapter.



The bands Abe Froman and Canine Sugar are two of my favorite bands and I just happen to be lucky enough to live near them. Abe Froman play pop-punk that's heavily influenced by Aaron Cometbus and Canine Sugar play the bestest indie-rock in the universe.

K: The Flint Local 432 and the Metropolis are the only big places where a "scene" would gather. There is also a small coffee shop named Beans and Leaves at which we played our first show. All of these are located in downtown Flint (on the same street even), and the bands that play are usually the same type of music, either ska or emo. Empire of One used to put on excellent shows. It was a skateboarding shop with a half pipe in the front of the store and skate videos playing all the time. This is where both Justin and I seen This Robot Kills for the first time.



WS: Best show you've ever been to?

TS: It would probably be Rancid right after "Let's Go" came out. I was young and it was the first concert I attended. It was my introduction to the live energy of punk.

MD: The best show I've ever been to just happened a few months ago and it was AFI/Rancid. It was just a good time and there were no hard-asses at the show. It gave me a lot of hope for the future of the scene.

WS: What bands out there make you want to do better?

TS: I think every band pushes us to be better, some we want to become better than and some we never want to be as bad as they are.

MD: AFI and Pennywise because they just continue to get better with each album and that is what I wish for this band, to continue to improve with each day.

WS: Outside of the band what do you do?

TS: We're all pretty dedicated to this band. Outside of the band I play a lot of Playstation, hang with my friends and work.

SK: I'm in college at the Center for Creative Studies so that takes up a lot of my time.

MD: Me and Matt are both in our last year of High School and we both work part-time jobs, Life mainly revolves around the band, family and friends.

WS: D.I.Y. or labels, does it matter, what takes more integrity?

TS: Truthfully I'm not into the self-out crap, I don't think it matters as long as you don't sell your music short. So far it's been all D.I.Y., but our future involves working with a couple smaller labels. If a major came along and was willing to take us, as we are it would be hard to turn down, but we'd never change to satisfy the demands of a label. Hardcore isn't ever hitting the radio so I don't think labels will be knocking at our door.

WS: What bands have you been listening to lately and who's your favorite new band?

TS: Lately, I've been getting into bands like Strung Out and Slick Shoes, stuff that's not like what we play. Nothing however can put a wider smile on my face right now than the new Rancid, at this point that's my inspiration that proves age does not necessarily bring change. Best new band out there would have to be us. (Nick who happens to be smoking a bowl listening to this interview says FI is full of cocky bastards)

MD: I've been listening to AFI a lot lately and it's been showing a lot in the music that I've been writing. My opinion is that New Found Glory is my favorite newer band. Their combination of pop, emo, and hardcore is just exciting to me.

WS: Has anything crazy ever happen at a False Identity show? Any dirt to dish?

TS: There's no dirt with us. We get over enthusiastic at times and break equipment because we toss it off to get into the pit ourselves at times. We have a lot of sex with our masses of groupies too.

WS: Did you guys vote? How old are you guys anyway?

TS: Steve, Tom and me are all 18. Mike and Matt are both 17. None of us voted. I tried to but I registered too late for this election.

WS: Any of you guys ever sleep in a park?

TS: We've woken up in some pretty weird places but never in a park. It usually seems like we wake up on strange floors and in cars.

WS: What's your favorite beer?

TS: Beer, fuck that I'm a Five O'clock Vodka man, no piss water for me. When I do drink beer it's MGD, only pussy's drink Bud Light.

MD: I prefer wine coolers especially the purple kind, but I'll drink whatever I can steal from the fridge, hopefully it's Bud Ice.

WS: What do you guys do for fun anyways?

TS: Masturbate and when I'm not doing that I'm just chillin' with my friends. No matter what may happen with the band, success or failure, the friends I have now are the ones that mean everything to me.

K: Self worth is important. Abandoning the concept of DIY would probably defeat the purpose of ever creating this band. Not that DIY has driven us completely.

J: I take it all back. If there was a sudden demand for eight second hardcore songs and an Atlantic Records executive offered us a trillion dollar contract, I would definitely accept. It would be far too hilarious to pass up.

#4 Politically do you have an overall message?

J: I'm not sure if we have a message overall besides the average punk rock thought process of "capitalism bad - my idea better."

K: They saved Hitler's cock?

#5 Your goal?

J: My goal is, and always has been, to have fun and enjoy life. Sometimes I fail, but overall I'm doing pretty good. As a band however, we're trying to offer something more interesting than just boys screaming into microphones for twenty minutes. At our shows there are a lot of audience participation types of things that I think make them a lot better, because despite how much you talk about the music speaking for itself, music is just music, and in my opinion, can become boring very quickly.

K: I'd like to read as many books as possible. I'd like to read to as many people as possible.

#6 What does Smut do to combat racism in your scene?

K: I really try to expose such stupidity. Constantly I try to talk to people and all I get is the same bullshit I've always gotten. The few people I know with such ideals don't even know why they hate. Frustration consumes me, and this is not unusual.

J: Neither Flint nor Lansing has a scene. Actually, I don't think there are any scenes in Michigan and I've never felt like I'm part of a community besides having a few like-minded friends. So I don't really have much to struggle with. Just as a member of society, I express my dissatisfaction with such ignorance through my everyday relationships with people that would otherwise have no idea that I harbor such strong emotions on the aforementioned problems.

#7 How homophobic is your school?

K: I am the only student (not hard with only 325 students) that question the use of "fag" and "gay" as derogatory terms.

J: Just as homophobic as the rest of society.



2 BOYS IN LOVE WITH SHORT SONGS!

BY NEIL

#1 Introduce yourselves and the band...

Justin: My name is Justin, I'm a seventeen year old boy that has the potential to become a victim of male pattern baldness in the future. I try to play the electric guitar and I make unintelligible noises into microphones occasionally.

Keith: I am Keith. Living in suburbia inspires a vast amount of thinking. Ignorance surrounds me and I wish to educate.

J: A few people know of us collectively as Smut (a two piece hardcore band with a 10 minute set.)

#2 I want to know how long Smut has been in existence and what birthed the whole idea.

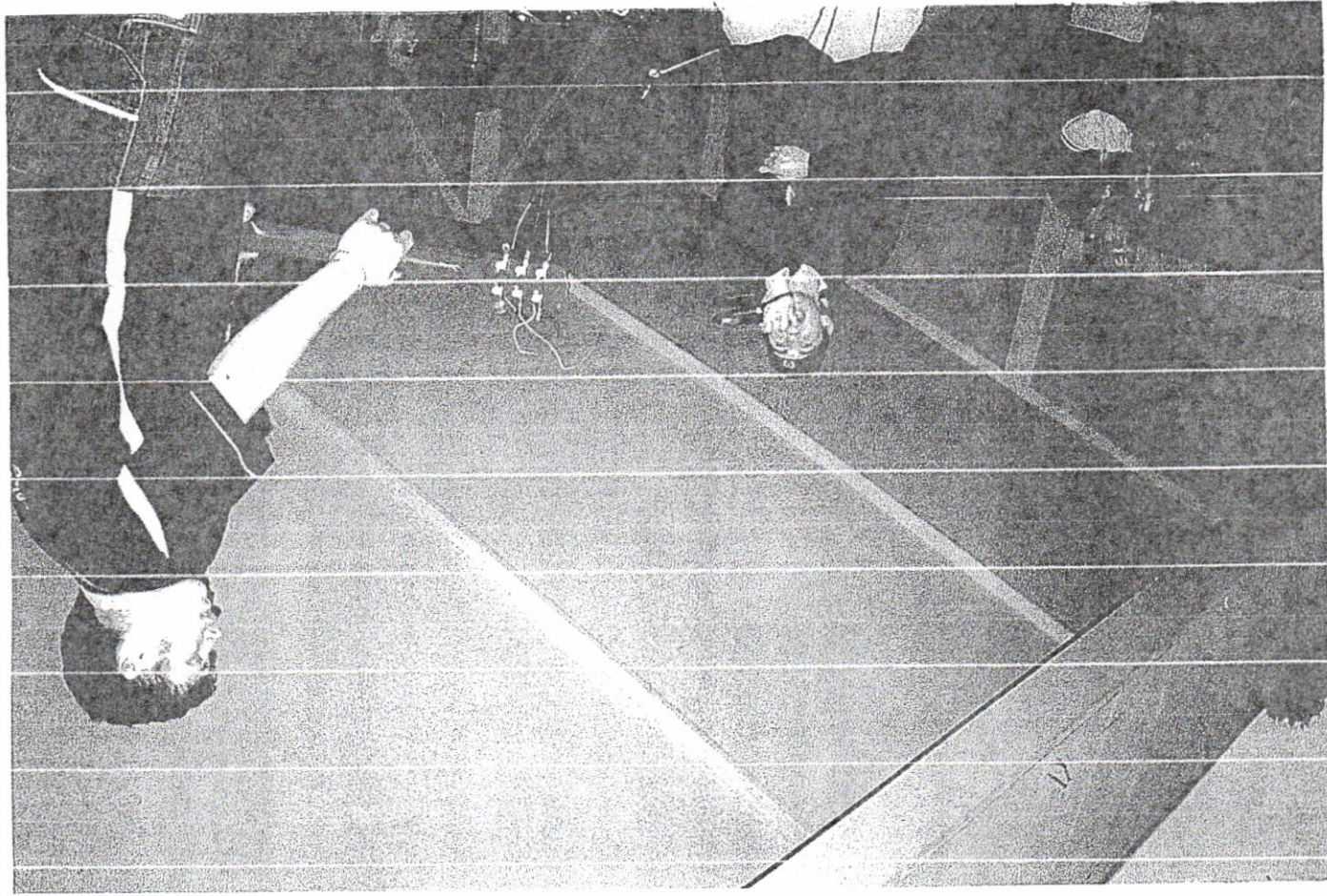
J: Although the state keeps our official history under lock and key, I'd say Keith and I began playing together about two years ago. At which point we were playing with two other kids as well - both of which proceeded to have kids, steal from their friends and all around make great choices. Reasons we began playing together....Bikini Kill, melting fudge bars on summer days, sexual frustration, the pages and pages of cynical poetry we seemed to collect that summer, Half Japanese and the love of tom (not music.)

K: Noise and Capri Sun.

J: Most of all, I began playing with Keith because I wanted to be loud and play guitar face back and he was the only person I knew that didn't mind me doing so.

#3 Will Smut remain DIY?

J: Honestly, I don't think we have much of a choice. If somebody offered to do the few things I do for me I would be skeptical of what their motive is and I'd end up offending them in one way or another. Well actually, our friend Ryan Batkie pushed the record button when we did our tape in his basement and I didn't mind at all. In fact, we're both extremely grateful for his presence that night. If it wasn't for him we probably would have just played Beat Happening songs the whole night and accomplished nothing at all.



WS: Are bar codes evil?

TS: At the moment I don't see them as evil but I can see the potential for them to become evil. Right now I think they're just used to track inventory, but in the future you can see them tracking people's purchases. I know Todd, our manager, wants to get a bar code with his social security number tattooed on him because he not fond of 'em and thinks the government treats it's citizens like we're their property instead of them working for us like it's supposed to be.

WS: What do you think of the death penalty?

TS: I'm against it. If a person deserves the death penalty I'd rather see them serve life then suffer death. No persons God and no murder is justified.

MD: It's hard for me to say, on one hand I believe that there are some people who deserve to die, but on the other hand I believe murder is wrong. Besides that I don't believe that the threat of the death penalty is an effective deterrent to crime.

WS: Where would be the place to throw the False Identity dream show?

TS: St. Andrews Hall in Detroit playing with Bad Religion and Rancid, with those poopdicks Blink 182 being our roadies. (I'll never forget the day when I watched a Bad Religion show with 14,000 12 year-old girls. Blink 182=communism, Don't conform to their ignorant ways)(Nick says Taras is a cheezy son of a bitch)

MD: Gilman Street playing with Minor Threat and The Vandals (in their prime). What could be better than that?

WS: Read any good zines lately?

TS: None of us regularly read zines, me personally since I room with Todd and he's big into the zine culture I pick up what he leaves on the table.

WS: Is the Detroit scene doing things for hardcore?

TS: The hardcore scene is huge here. There are some great bands that everyone should check out, bands like Bottomed Out and Fordirelitesake are amazing. If some of the labels started checking out the scene here we'd soon be taking over the hardcore scene. Punk Planet referred to the local band Michael Knight as "everything Spazz wishes they were."

MD: Like Taras said the hardcore scene is big here, but I'd have to say the punk scene in general is declining because the scene been broken into so many different cliques. There's a bunch of infighting and no Unity what so ever.

WS: Is homophobia a problem in Detroit?

TS: I don't think it's that big of a problem here at least not in the punk scene. I'm not saying it doesn't exist just that we really haven't had to deal with it.

WS: What about gangs?

TS: Gangs aren't a big problem considering we're such a large city. We have a big problem with senseless violence but it's not gang related.

WS: Is punk rock still punk rock?

TS: Are we talking punk as you and I know it or the cartoonish generic crap that the mainstream tries to pass off as punk. I think there's some great punk out there if some people turn off the radio and open their minds to something that has been forced fed on them by the media. Stop going to corporate owned record stores and hit the mom and pop stores and the mail-order distros because that's where you'll find the real stuff.

WS: Sum up False Identity's politics in one word?

TS: UNITY!! The whole goal of False Identity is to once again unite all the cliques that punk has been broken up into just like it used to be.



Floats

Lost in floods of emotion
The pain drags them out from depths
They've lain buried in tense muscles.
Sweat drenches my body.
It's beads mix with my few tears.
One foot in front of the other,
simplicity
I continue to move,
Until the pain is so great that my mind



from my body,
which perpetually moves onward
step after step
I begin to feel released.
Tomorrow is too far away
Random memories drift through me
I am dreaming wide awake
Strange notes slip through my lips
It rains but I don't mind anymore
My body moves on
My mind grows

BLOODPACT "Bastardization"

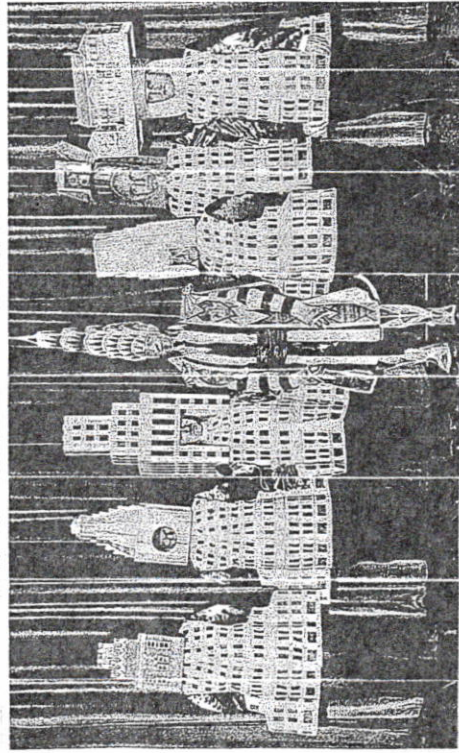
This is a collection of previously (yet hard-to-find) released material from this Ann Arbor based positive hardcore band. "This is definitely not the brand of hardcore that has been co-opted by the mainstream labels, this is brutal and honest hardcore in the Earthmover, Walls of Jericho and Varsity vain. This CD contains basically everything the band has ever released as well as two never before heard songs. Positive hardcore at it's best. Before you decide not to buy this because you assume that by positive I mean straight ed 3c, let me just say that this band doesn't do the preachy st it like so many of the Victory crap that keeps flooding the market. And that by positive I mean anti-racist, pro-women, anti-corporation and the like. The band released this themselves but there's no address on it, but Andy runs +/- Records so I'm giving that address as the contact. (TK) +/- Records * PO Box 7096 * Ann Arbor, MI 48107

VIOLENT SUBVERSION "Few and Far Between EP"

I got this in the mail the other and was blown away with the first listen. I didn't think much could top their debut CD but this 7" does that. There are 5 great politically and socially conscious songs that aren't close to being preachy and stale on this slab of wax. This band also remakes a Skrewdriver song into an anti-racist anthem. I'm forever in this band's debt for sending this to me. No mans life will ever be complete until this is in their collection. Limited to only 500 copies (100 of which are green vinyl), so you better get writing to them quick. I'm not sure how much it is but I'd say \$4 should cover it. (TK) Alienated Records * PO Box 1395 * N. Eastham, MA 02651-1395

U.F.C. "Second State"

Old school, up-tempo, snotty, no future style punk that just destroys. Remember the days of spiked up multi-colored mohawks and leather jackets that you just painted the logo's of all your favorite bands on? I do and this 7" brings me back to those wonderful days before punk was somewhat acceptable and Blink 182 ruled the airwaves. Similar in style to that which the Casualties and Blanks 77 play. (TK) Charged Records * PO Box 157 * High Bridge, NJ 08829



For an honest, open-minded review - send records to the following address, and please don't be discouraged to send any type of music (on any format).

Todd Keyser
PO Box 180983
Utica, MI
48318-0983

WS: Want to say anything to the scene?

TS: I want to thank you for allowing us to do this interview. I'd also like to thank everyone that's supported us. I really need to thank Todd for everything he's done since he's come on board. I'd also like to remind everyone that there's so many problems in the world that we punks don't need to start our own playing scene politics, punk music is punk music no matter what label you want to place on it.

Write us at False Identity/PO Box 180983/Utica, MI 48318-0983

Discography

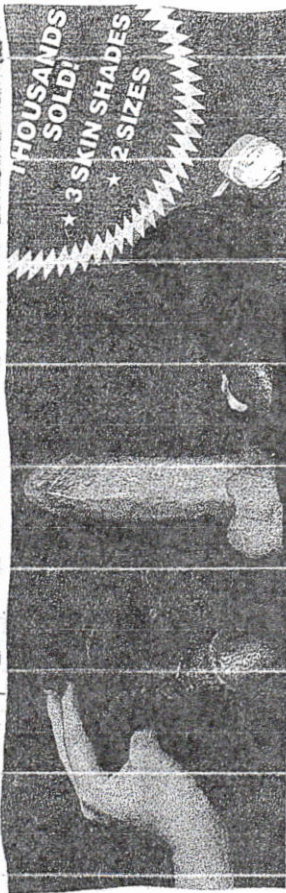
2C00 "It Hurts My Eyes..." Self released CD

2C00 "EP" Self released CD

Coming soon: The song "Society" on the upcoming SUBHUMANS tribute comp from Arcane Records

WHAT MAKES AMERICA

SO STRAIGHT AND ME



SO BENT? - M.D.C.



It's almost as if we're sleeping outside

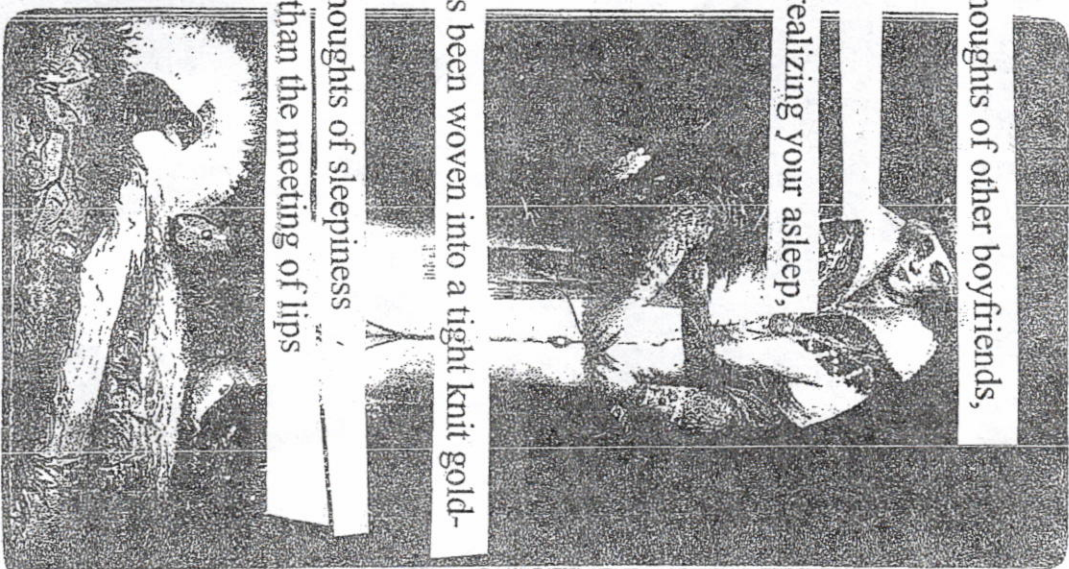
the mechanical thoughts of other boyfriends,

it's like dreaming

without ever realizing your asleep,

the silk of our parents has been woven into a tight knit gold-

and the distorted thoughts of sleepiness
are becoming louder than the meeting of lips



"What do you mean?" asked Iwan.
"How can I marry a frog?"

- Justin

COLD AS LIFE "Declination of Independence"

Detroit's reigning hardcore kings are back with a heavier album than their last. Everything on here is heavy with a capital H, from the vocals to the guitar, to the bass and drums right down to the lyrical content. This album proves why bands such as Sick of it All and H2O have sung the praises of Cold as Life. If you prefer the old style version of hardcore than this is for you. (TV)

CTYC * PO Box 441905 * Detroit, MI 48244

FORDIRELIFESAKE "fordirelifesake"

Self-released debut CD from this up and coming Detroit band. This 4 song EP shows why these guys are one of the biggest drawing bands in Detroit. Screaming hardcore with melodic breakdowns comprise the songs on here. The last few months have seen fordirelifesake take their act on the road from Chicago to New York and judging from the amount of CD's that they sold there was many an impressed audience member (TV)

High Quality Data Processing * 38560 Winkler * Harrison Twp, MI 48045

V/A - "Turbo's Tunes"

This album pretty much covers all the bases. From spoken-word to dance party, blues to hardcore, and jazz to punk rock. This is really great, as most everything from KRS is. My favorites would be the cello, drum and vocals montage of Bonfire Madigan and the subtle flow of jazz from Jean Smith. This is highly recommended to anybody who is tired of listening to the legions of bands that differ only in name. And at the low price of five dollars there's honestly no excuse not to buy this. (JR)

Kill Rock Stars * PMB 418 * 120 NE State Ave. * Olympia, WA 98501

BONECRUSHER "Followers of a Brutal Calling"

More tough Oil from these Cali skinheads. MRR has been singing their praises for awhile now so don't you think it's about time you get with it and get their albums. 15 heavy hitting songs singing the praises of working class skinhead pride. Bonecrusher is leading the next wave of Oil bands. I've heard the band has MP3's of all their songs on their website so go hear what all the fuss is about or better yet buy the CD's and support underground music. (TV)

Outsider Records * PO Box 92708 * Long Beach, CA 90809

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY "Nothing New for Trash Like You"

The latest Subcity release (this time benefiting the Radiation and Public Health Project, Inc.) compiles 18 out-of-print and hard-to-find songs from 1992-2000. I've always liked AAA combination of ska and hardcore but the songs on here are by far their best work. This CD includes a cover of Propagandi's "Ska Sucks" which I feel is better than the original. Anyone that buys this will get a great album as well as helping out a worthwhile cause. (TV)

Subcity * PO Box 7495 * Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495

TEMPLARS "Biaus Seignors Freres"

Not a clue to what the title means so don't ask. This is a collection of 9 older Templars songs, 4 of which have different members (bands name is also different) and 3 of those songs lack Carl's vocals. This CD is poorly recorded but is an important document of the bands history. With the members of this band scattered all over the globe this is basically Carl and Phil messing around on a 4 track until Perry returned. Good but not great so if you're not yet a fan of this band find one of their other albums and then you'll feel the need to get this. (TV)

TKO Records * 4104 24th St. #103 * San Francisco, CA 94114

Twenty One

Skinhead History 101

By: Eva of Tri-County Skinzine

2-9

I wrote this just as a reference guide for people who don't have any idea where Skinheads came from. If you disagree with something I've got in here (I don't claim to be 100% perfect), let me know and we'll fix it.

The first wave

The skinheads of the late '60s were an outgrowth of the Mod culture, influenced by the Jamaican immigrant Rudeboy culture.

Mods were a product of working-class British youth of the mid-sixties. They dressed nicely, almost effeminately, usually wearing expensive suits (sharkskin and tonic were – and still are – very popular) as well as high priced Fred Perry polos, Ben Sherman button downs, Lonsdale sport clothes, and Harrington or sheepskin jackets. For this reason they were sometimes accused of emulating the middle class (not unlike many poor and working class teenagers of the US today who spend their cash on \$175 sneakers). Mod girls cut their hair short and were as obsessed with appearance as their male counterparts. The girls favored heavy eye makeup and pale lipstick. Unlike the Rockers, another subculture of the same time period, mainstream Mod culture exhibited some gender equality.

There were outgrowths of Mod culture, including Scooterists, who rode fine Italian scooters, usually Vespas and Lambrettas, decorating them with mirrors and shiny accessories, as well as Hooligans, who associated in gangs centered around a particular football team and waged violent gang warfare on the football terraces of England. Another outgrowth was the Hard Mod, or Skinhead.

Skinheads were the Mod kids who were more interested in looking tough than in following other Mod pursuits (such as art, architecture, and all things shagadelic). They were the Mods who went out and got menacing buzz cuts and added a few more things to their wardrobe. These Skinheads were sussed – they still wore the suits and other Modernist clothing as mentioned above when they went out at night, but they also wore American made Levi Jeans and Alpha Flight Jackets, thin suspenders (braces) and Doc Marten boots during the daytime. This gave them the harder, more working class appearance that eventually distinguished them from Mods altogether.

Skinheads listened to the music of the immigrant Jamaican population – the Rudeboys – which was chiefly Ska and Rocksteady (precursors to modern Reggae). By day, Skinheads went to school and to work (if they could find a job, that is – unemployment in Britain was high, and many kids went on the dole straight out of high school). By night, when they weren't looking to find trouble, doing what any street gangs of the time would do for kicks: Skinheads went into the Jamaican dancehalls and listened to the latest in imported Ska tunes.

Mods used amphetamines, Rudeboys smoked marijuana, Skinheads drank beer. As with the Mods, the Skinhead girls dressed like the Skinhead boys, cut their hair short, and got into just as much trouble (relatively speaking – trouble for a girl and trouble for a boy had different definitions then). Rude girls, Skinhead girls and Mod girls also wore mini skirts – a new fashion trend of the '60s which at the time was considered liberated, yet also risqué, and largely disapproved of by conservative adults.

By the early '70s, Skinheads were being seen on the streets less often than they had in the summer of 1969. As the Mod kids of a few years before had cut their hair and became Skins, the Skinheads were now growing their hair out and substituting loafers and bells for boots and braces. They were the Suedeheads. They went to dancehalls, got married, and grew up.

The second wave

By 1977, the phenomenon of Punk Rock, which had been growing in the UK scene since the early '70s, had exploded into the mainstream British world. It was rebellious, wild, and rough around the edges. Once again, there were tough kids on the streets of the UK. But it wasn't before long that middle class kids picked up the sounds of the streets and made it their

DROPKICK MURPHYS "Sing Loud, Sing Proud"

Dropkick's newest release brings a new expanded lineup with the addition of a second guitarist, a mandolin and tin whistle player and a full-time bagpiper. This new 7-piece lineup sounds great. This may sound weird but this CD contains some of the best songs Dropkick has ever put down, every song on here is outstanding yet at the same time it's my least favorite Dropkick album and my most listened to one. Let me explain; I love all 16 tracks on here so I listen to this often but unlike their other albums this one is missing that one super catchy sing-a-long pub song and I miss it. That's my only complaint. Special guest vocals are provided by Colin McPail (Cocksparrer) on Fortunes of War and Shane MacGowan (Pogues) on Good Rats (plus Wild Rover on the vinyl version of the release). I'd buy this if I were you. (TV)

Helicat Records * 2798 Sunset Blvd. * Los Angeles, CA 90026

RANCID "Rancid"

Does anyone really need a review of this? Gone are all the ska and reggae trapping that has surrounded this band on the last two releases and pure punk is what you have left. This is the hardest stuff Rancid has recorded to date and probably their finest album yet. I'm sure you all have this but if you don't get to the store quickly. Side note: Lars has a side project that will be released on March 20th called Lars Frederikson and the Bastards. (TV)

Helicat Records * 2798 Sunset Blvd. * Los Angeles, CA 90026

THE SOFTIES - "Holiday In Rhode Island" LP/CD

Two girls playing guitars, xylophone, (quite) drums, piano and singing. Mostly songs about disappointment and heartache with an optimistic view of the future. I have some other albums of theirs and for the most part they sound the same, besides the fact that they've introduced other instruments besides guitar and vocals on this one. Overall this is an extremely beautiful album and all the hardcore boys of the world should be forced to listen to it. (JR)

K records * p. o. box 7154 * Olympia, WA 98507

VARIOUS ARTISTS "Punch Drunk II"

TKO's latest sampler is a mix bag of old-school punk, Oi! and traditional ska. Though production quality varies from song to song this CD offers a good variety of sounds. 25 songs from 25 bands including unreleased tracks by The Bodies, Sixer, Antiseen, Suburban Threat and Niblick Henbane as well as songs from Dropkick Murphys, the Bruisers, Templars, Running Riot and more. If you like any of these bands or are looking to try out a couple new bands find this album. (TV)

TKO Records * 4104 24th Street. #103 * San Francisco, CA 94114

AMERICAN HI-FI "American Hi-Fi"

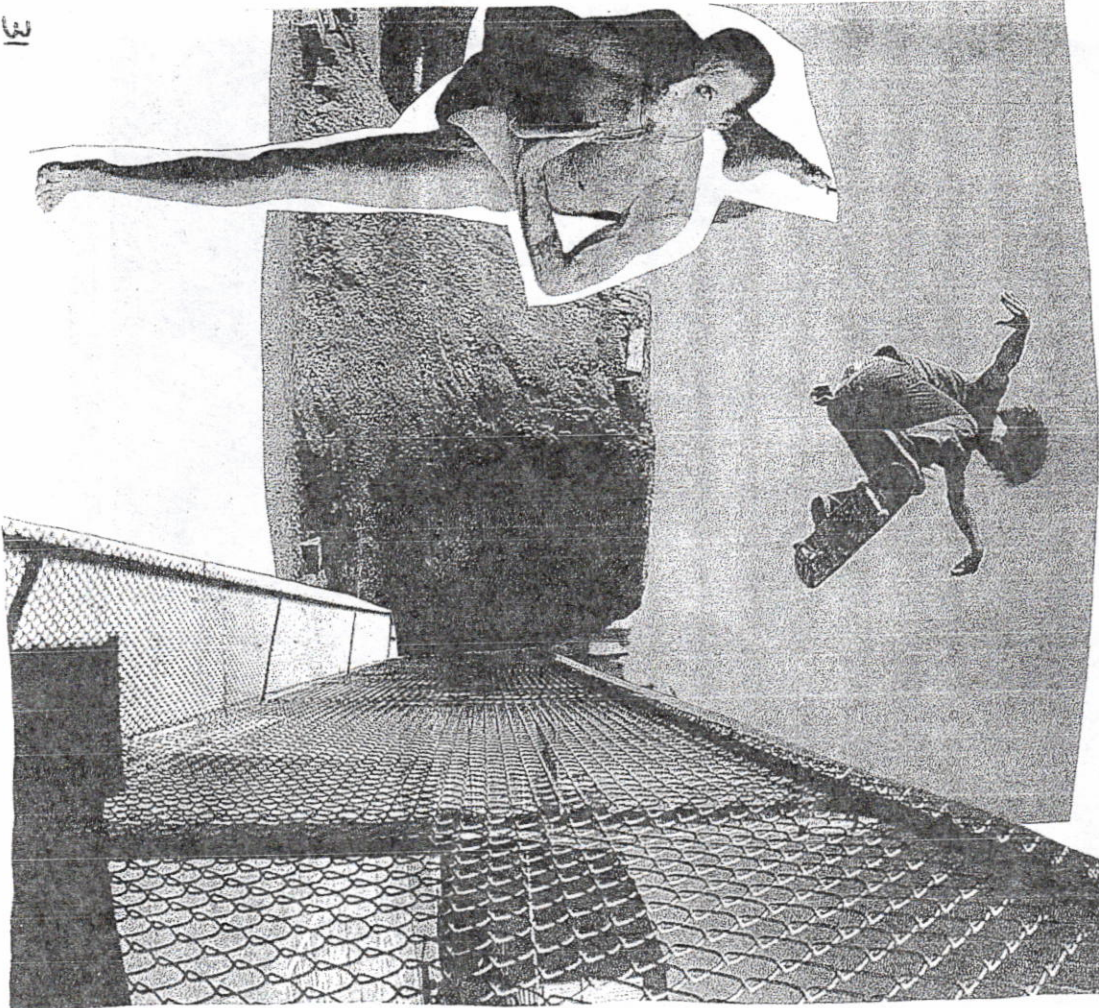
I rented a car for a trip a while back and all it had was a crappy radio, forcing me to listen to shitty alternative radio. I did here this pop-punkish song called "Flavor of the Week" that I liked. I didn't think much else about the song or the band until I saw this CD on sale the first week it was released, so I picked it up. What I bought was a band that is having an identity crisis. They don't know if the should be Collective Soul, Blink 182, Nirvana or Third Eye Blind. Though the songs are well written, well played and well recorded this band won't make any kind of impact until they decide who they are and play there own style. (TV)

Island Def Jam Music Group * 825 Eighth Ave. * New York, New York 10019

HC - as well as Ska, Rocksteady, Reggae, Rockabilly, Old Wave Rock, Punk, Oil, Hardcore, ever Brit Pop and Rap. Some are Traditional, only identifying with the original Skinhead roots. Others only listen to Oil or HC. But most appreciate all aspects of Skinhead history, including the style the Mods, Scooterists, and Hooligans.

Note: This thing isn't finished - I still need to go back and add names of bands and quotes and shit, but this is the basic idea of Skinhead history. I probably have a few details wrong here and there. If you have any questions or comments, send me an email. beatskin@skinhead.net

**To get your hands on a copy of Tri-County,
send \$2 per zine (there are 6 issues) to:
PO Box 12025, Gainesville, FL 32604**

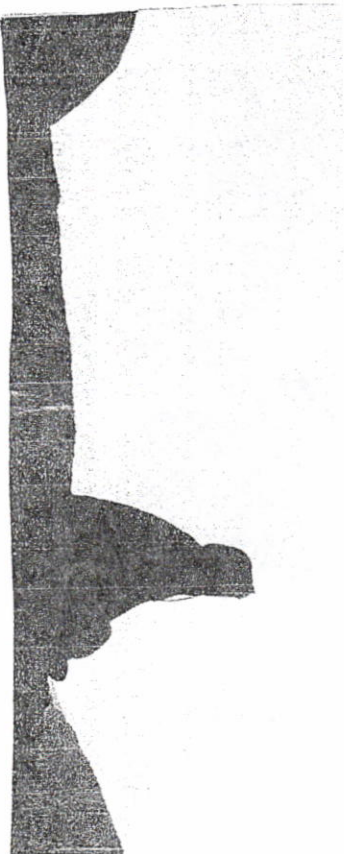


I can go home every day and put work behind me. I can't imagine what it would be like to live in Alya's world. She understands more than she's given credit for. I see intelligence in her big brown eyes. She lacks the language to communicate, but the feeling is inside waiting to explode. Working with Alya is painful and rewarding. She makes me hopeful when she kisses my cheeks and makes me hate this world for what mom's do to their very own children.

I hold her "tight, tight" how she likes it and kiss her squirming body. All I can do is love her.



“LIVE YOUR HEART”



Compassion

By Lydia

Gazing at her expressions of intense concentration, a smile grows across my face. I reach out and gently stroke her downy soft cheeks. She gives me a slightly irritated glance out of the corner of her eye and I pull back to watch her again. She tilts her head and holds her fingers over her eyes as if opening them manually. I know she does this when she's focusing on something that fascinates her. I have taken out the Care Bear movie for her to watch. It calms her down on days when nothing else can. I rub her back and do joint compressions on her arms while she's entrenched in TV. When I turn it off she growls and "hmphs" at me noisily. As I come close to her she drops to the ground and attempts to kick me but I move in and grab her right where she's ticklish. She can't stay mad long and soon her toothless grin appears. Now she's asking for it. So I tug at the little bit of chub under her chin, she gives up and bursts out in gleeful giggles. We roll around on the floor together crashing into pillows. I feel like the human jungle gym.

This job has turned out to mean so much more than I ever expected. I went into it partially for the convenience of having weekends off and the salary over minimum wage. I knew it would be challenging, but I had no idea how much I would learn and grow. High school has not been the most wonderful experience. I have felt lonely, bored and unchallenged so it is wonderful to be able to walk out every day and stroll down the street to the elementary school where I am an individual aide.

I watch Alya for three hours every day. We ride the bus to a daycare where she is supposed to be learning how to socialize. No one's really sure exactly what's "wrong" with her. She had epilepsy and is in a state of constant seizure, but other than that she is a mystery. I don't know the story behind the swears which hurl out of her mouth and why she bites herself when she's upset. I do know that she was taken away from her mom when she was four and has been in foster care for two years. This January parental rights will be terminated and Alya will become property of SRS. Who is going to love a girl that kicks other kids, who rips apart books and throws her food? What parents are looking for a child with so many problems? And so I wonder at the likelihood of her being adopted.

I don't know if I could do it. I come home every day totally exhausted. When she has a hard day so do I. She claws at my neck leaving dark red gashes, she hits me whenever I let my guard down. But it is all worth it for her smiles and her giggles. I feel two parts of me being tugged out from deep within my mask of teenage angst. When Alya and I race around outside I'm just a kid. I laugh with as much sincerity at our silly games. But when she bolts toward the road, I throw all thoughts aside and some motherly instinct takes over my body as the adrenaline rushes. I grab her and hold her tight as fear subsides to relief and fear which easily turn to anger. Who can blame her for wanting to run away? She is constantly guarded, watched, analyzed and critiqued. I want to tell the specialists with their plans and list of goals that what this girl needs is not flash cards and rules, but love. She needs to be loved.

66

B.F.D. is an expression I've always used. Big Fuckin Deal. Even had a band named that once. You know the who-fuckin-care-or-ever-will attitude that is so cool to assume when you are an aloof and indestructable know-it-all. Big Fuckin Deal, cause I don't give a fuck. Nothin matters anyway, we're all dyin right? So fuck it. Fuck you. Fuck me. Fuck the world. Fuck it all man, cuz I don't care. Nothin worth it. Life is sucky. Big fuckin deal.

Then I came to prison with a long time to do. That was a big fuckin deal. Slapped me silly. What the fuck happened? Why didn't I give a fuck just a little more before it was too late? Cause man, I just fuckin didn't used to care. Well, I started caring about alot of shit. The little things. Having my own refridgerator. Going outside at my own will. Taking a shit in privacy. Not having to wear thongs in the shower because you could catch foot fungal. Drinking a beer. Going to a show. Using a telephone with direct dial. Wearing my own clothes. Playing my Fender. Bong hits. Having sex, good sex, two people kind. Being free. Punk rock vinyl collection. Fruity Pebbles. Big fuckin deals to me now, B.F.D. I woke up.

I still use B.F.D., but now it means Better Fuckin Day. I'm gonna have one. Each day I get closer to ~~xxxx~~ a second chance I get to have in 12 years. Last chance to never come back. Today is going to be a Better Fuckin Day, cuz I'm growing into a whole-fucking-lot.

read it
people

Although some literary works are intended merely to entertain the reader, most works contain a message that the writer wants to convey.

32

*****Gutter-Death*****

(*Say hello to my best friend Pony, a guy doing life, who's getting older and by meeting me has opened his mind a lot since our first long chat. This guy has a lot of potential as far as learning to hope, but negativity still keeps him down; I don't know what it would feel like knowing you're never getting out of prison. I have a lot of love for this guy, just remember that difference of opinion and an ideal doesn't mean there's no way to relate. -Neil)

"Gutter-Death": Tight comparison to old school punk term with the obvious difference this genre has long flowing man hair and can play their gear.

From the gutter come my best wishes for the few who choose to read the following. I don't care if you're a racist, or sharp skin, gay or straight. You all have cars. I am burnt on the drama I see or read about. Whitley did this, they're taking over our country, it's all weak one sided.

This column is in memory of the good days when my hand made it in the checkbook and party drawer. To the not so good days, when I had to hit someone's grandma in the back of the pants to put the money together for a shot.

After many years of wanting to be heard and seeing no way for this to happen, my bro. Baby Boy, or Neil as the commoners know him, has given me the gift of voice. And one word keeps nagging me, honesty. There has never been much need for it in my life; my goals have either been a bottle or a spoon. Except for music. I turned 30 a couple of days ago and to my best recitation I've never even heard a Black Flag song. My punk history up until 10 months ago was some song about livin' in the city (crabs and lice), one called Ice a Toe Soap and you're just another taggot. Metal, yes that dirty word is my existence, whether it is Death, Black, Grind, Speed or just plain Heavy. Of course for the most part Metal is the running joke in the punk circle. There really are comparisons to our two genres. Just as you have to put up with Green Day and the Offspring being hailed as punk rock while they rake in money in such large amounts they have begun to believe the lie themselves. I deal with the shame of Papa Roach, Korn, and Lame Wimpiskit being called Nu Metal, while my brothers and sisters of true integrity live ten deep in a 77 shot out family van, playing for beer, food and gas money for the next gig. So lets cut out all the plastic bullshit and get to what counts.

With the hope of seeing my two oldest sons after 7 plus years I have taken the state of CA up on their invitation to appear at my wife's custody hearing. But, of course, anytime you put yourself out there to go up against the system they're going to poke at you for a little fun. So instead of being taken from my pad at Mule Creek State Prison Tuesday morning and driving to my 10am hearing which was only 30 minutes away, I was taken nearly a week ahead of time to another prison entirely and placed in the hole while awaiting my court date. So, as I sit here in my new house in this tired ass half century old joint listening to the cells to my right put together some lame D & D game. The cells to my left talk about the hinas and fat bank, when all three individuals couldn't put together the price of a small tube of Colgate at canteen, I'll finish my writing for the hell a cool Wiener Society.

My first trip to the city of "real love", New York, NY, I would find myself among the whores of the nightlife, of course. Having a hooker in tow is really a win, win thing when touring a new scene. I mean lets be real, as long as you have funds to buy a bag, big or small, you keep company with a woman who will smile and call you baby as you poke and prod every orifice of her broken down tired body. And it only gets better, she also knows all the no I.D. required Motels and areas to stay away from the man and gangs and best of all she knows where to score the bizomb sack.

As My New Lady "Candy" and I stroll the filth that is New York, we turn to walk down the stairs to a somewhat menacing subway tunnel. As we make our way down, it's not the wins with their bloated livers and rat eating feet or the scents of emptiness that caught my attention, but the voices of men beyond the last step. Of course Candy would be no help at listening with her forever running nose and cramping guts, she is too hard at work trying to keep her smile working for her. She hears nothing!

When we finally got over the last step and around the corner I didn't expect to be greeted by a group of guys (?) sporting 1983 Quiet Riot shags, stonewash 501's and at

I AM

I am the wave pushed by the wind.

I am the smile on your face every day.

I am the happy feeling you get when you're free.

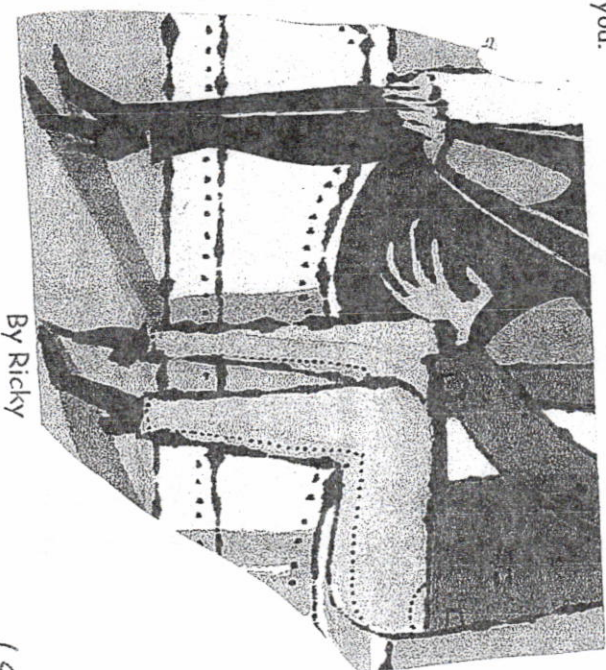
I am the peace that you have when you're asleep.

I am the lion looking for its prey.

I am water to flower in your sunshine.

I am you, you are me, you're the apple of my eye.

I love you.



By Ricky

obviously by rooting out posers from the scene and flipping off addicted ravers, bloody good blokes!), lots of show/music reviews and how to make a Hot Tamale mixed drink. Blast has good intentions, a lot of energy, but they came across as confused, biased and not quite sure what the word addiction means, as well as proved that the way you dress is a big deal to them, and that the word "bitch" is still offensive. Cheers, and fill her up, oh shit I seem to have slobbered on me frosty mug! Blast PO Box 531 Jacksonville, FL 32201

Jesus Come Back #3, \$2 magazine size 30 pages This is the fuckin' shit! Goddamn this zine is heavier than a metal-head carrying a sledge-hammer! In your face hardcore, just like you know you want it! Bad-ass interviews with the SoCal skate friends Life's Halt, and NoCal bandanna thrash circle pit promoters What Happens Next?, as well as a chat with Young Blood Records. A shit load of those signature pics of hXc kids mid-jump way in the air making funny coffe-enema faces. A SoCal scene report covering old fashioned D.I. fucking Y. hardcore punk bands from the Nard to Dago. The record reviews impressed me, not because they contained such killers as Carry On, Gordon Solie Motherfuckers and Self Destruct, but of such non-punks noisier and faster-than-slap-o'-ham's discography-meiner-than-thou's like Soilent Green, Today Is The Day, Dillinger Escape Plan, and power violence dieties Brutal Truth. It's good to see such openminded content in the pages of a hXc zine. This things got integrity. In parting the last sentence says "For all of you kids that think that Jimmy Eat World and The Get Up Kids are EMO, wake the fuck up and recognize!" This will leave a mark, ouch! Jesus Come Back 4047 8th Ave. #3, San Diego, CA 92103 or ih8thekids@hotmail.com

send me your zine and a short letter, I promise a review. -Neil



least four pairs of white Nike high-tops. Looking back I guess it was the way these guys just pulled us into their conversation that made my lady Candy step back and say, "I don't know what you and your boy's here got in the works but it's ten bucks a head and I ain't with no food stamps!"

One dude gave the impression he wanted the whole world to know his family was a little weird, another one of them was saying some way out shit about Ronald McDonald and yet another screeching about a giant Nazi in a white cowboy hat.

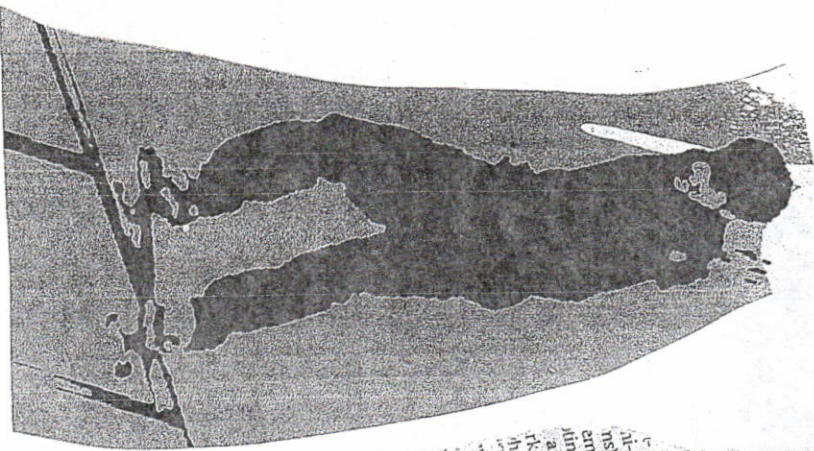
The above is how I believe my first encounter with the boys from M.D.C. came about. I believe their double CD, MDC and More Dead Cops, was one of the first ones Baby Boy sent me to check out. As a matter of fact I believe I had to make sure the other punker on the yard Rif-Raf got his mitts on my Winger's Greatest Hits (a one sided e.p.) before I could get the green light on the weekend trade. The first thing that hit me when I spun this CD was how much I was going to get into it. Some of the best surprise albums of your life you just didn't have a clue on the first spin. There's not a bad tune to be heard. If you're just getting into punk or just crackin' into your older brother's collection and this band is not in there, search these guys out! M.D.C. are exactly what I hoped punk rock would be, dirty, aggressive and light-hearted.

If Kerry King's (Slayer) t-shirt told the truth and I am really god, with my new standing in the world I would for myself and of course my legions of followers, erase the common genre of SXE. I mean come on, who needs these kids screaming in your ear that they don't smoke, drink, fuck, do dope or eat the meat of god's little creatures. They're fuckin' LIERS! It wasn't very long ago that I was a teen. When I was 14 I was fuckin', doing dope and drinking like a fish. And every kid around me was doing the same, or at least trying to get one of the above accomplished. Do we really need this scourge? No normal person is going to waste the best years of their lives sober and celibate and then can't wait to run out and tell every fuckin' person in sight. Whitey please! M.D.C. is the real. Straight Edge for life FOOL!

The beginning of the 90's saw the rise of commercial rock bands whose plastic integrity shined through always, never to be denied by their second album. The pumpkins, pearls, gardens, kept from the young ear of America the truth "Death Metal". There are countless outstanding bands that could be seen as the rebirth of the genre. Obituary, Cancer, Death, Cannibal Corpse and Pestilence all come to mind.

Just try to work with me all right? I mean I'm writing about Metal in a punk-core zine. The fat kids got to know what he is talking about. I am telling you about the two albums that actually made Jesus Christ's asshole pucker in fear! Deicide's "Deicide" and Deicide's "Legion", these are the two testament brought by Bile himself. Every aspect of these two works is master. Two words are obvious when listening to Glen Benton's lyrics, power and meaning, any lame with face paint and a sword can talk about Satan. But a true artist will open the eyes with truth as Glen does. If you are a drummer or aspire to be or just a freak in bed with a zucchin with thoughts of Tommy Lee, you have got to hear the drumming of Steve Asheim on these two albums. He has carried on the torch of the master Dave Lombardo (Slayer). The brothers Hoffman tip their skulls to the master also while clearing their own path.

My time is done. If any of you want to write, tell me I suck or want to talk music than drop Pony a few lines, male nudes a big plus, what a lifer can't get no Love? Baby Boy won't give me no play; he's hitched to Ricky. Remember kids I am aloud to hate cuz I hate myself! Pony: Steven Rice * J15875 * M.C.S.P * PO Box 409000 * Ione, CA 95640. (*The only metalhead I know with guts enough to write about his style for a punk zine and the only punk zine with enough anti-class to let him.)



Martin Kettle in Washington

An icy-wincy spider and goat called Peter are poised to pool their natural resources to produce a material so strong that the Pentagon wants to use it in its anti-missile defence systems.

This latest improbable-sounding biotechnology breakthrough means that goats' milk produced on a farm in the countryside east of Montreal will help produce a substance 10 times stronger than steel but with the flexibility needed for stitching in the most delicate of medical operations.

Large-scale production of the super-strong material, to be known as BioSteel, will begin later this year. The new product has been created by implanting spider genes into a specially bred herd of tiny brown goats.

This results in the production of silky protein strands in the goats' milk, which can be extracted and spun into BioSteel fibres.

All that is needed now is for Peter and his fellow African dwarf goat, Webster, currently chomping hay on a Quebec farm, to sire sufficient nanies to begin the production phase.

stand by* stand tall*
want make us ball*
+unby*

non-understanding haters. She speaks to intelligently, skeptically and imploringly, in vivid dialog, so in her own struggle to cure the illness of society. Some good zine reviews (short ones - unlike my own which go on and on....), column on queer-bashing and the dilemma of not being normal. You have to read this or damnit, go get a job, drink martinis and join the neighborhood watch.

Lynn Y. Hou, 212 25th st. Santa Monica, CA 90402-2520

Blast #19 14 pages \$1/good porn trade

This cover is fuckin great, some girl with her pants down pissing a puddle of urine onto a sidewalk (in front of a bar!) First contradiction I found was in the intro where Blast condemns violent scenesters blaming their violence brings pigs into the "fun non-violent scene" of Oi! and hardcore, then later sends a message to "the bitch pretending to be a skinhead" who's badmouthing Blast, who promises if the "poser bitch" doesn't stay the fuck out of their way "Blast will run you over mister, a few folks have found that out the hard way." Hmm... do you tolerate violence only when it's you doing the bashing? OK, being a skinhead means anti-discrimination, I think, so when I read, "you're just a redneck with a mohawk or baldhead", I kind of thought it was stereotyping... anyway, I better watch out, I don't want to get put on Blast's "list to get run over." Blast also sends a big FUCK YOU out to all the Ravers and their "drug culture" cause it's anti-effective against any movement against the state (dear Blast, to be effective as a movement against the state means concentrating on the problem, not bashing other anti-racists, even if they get high, dress different and dance with more groove, come on, their RAVERS not RACISTS!), and that "you ain't got no rights, you got an addiction asshole....", I bet this skin was drunk on a few 40's of the good ol' brew when he wrote that addiction slur... I'm all for the skin scene, it's crucial, but I honestly think Blast's opinions contradict themselves every few paragraphs, bashing non-violent "drug culture" while promoting a "beer culture" doesn't express integrity. Past the personal stuff, good interviews with Al Barr from Dropkick, The Ducky Boys, a column on skinhead fashion (the uniform code expected of you to be a proud skin, as well as accepted facial expressions, the most common being, "an expression that speaks loudly, 'I've earned this beer,'"

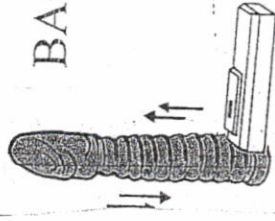
to be a riot grrrl. Much better than than playing dress-up or giving your barbie a mohawk. My favorite line is..."I AM NOT YOUR PLAYTOY, YOU CANNOT MAKE ME BOB AND WEAVE!" Join these kids and piss on patriarchy. Riot Grrrls S.E. c/o Chrysti Copeland, 26 Lodewyck, Mt. Clemens, MI, 48043 or <http://www.gurlpages.com/activism/rsgsoutheastmi.com>

Active Transformation Newspaper Vol. 3 #4
free. A direct action anarchist publication, black and white photos from the front line of world-wide resistance, storm-trooper pigs shooting projectiles at black clad pissed off mobs of anti-social vandals, pacifists and demonstrators. Field guide for the active revolutionary, this read needs some Nausea or Aus Rotten as background music, but beware, a combination of this charged first hand account of rebellion and the noisy as fuck all political punk of any crusty sounds will, be warned, become a fatal compound that will attack with no personal regard any form of authority. Articles on Detroit's murdering cops, MUMIA, protests of the Democrat and Republican conventions (Fighting The Republicans In Philly, in my opinion is the best fucking play by play of street level activism and solidarity, dangers and elations both), and An American Anarchist in Prague. Active Transformation Newspaper, PO Box 27164, Lansing, MI 48909-7164

Cyanide #2 \$2/4 stamps/trade
I fell in deep love with this zine. 70 pages of feminist, queer, human, quasi-intellectual writings, a slap you in the ass sting that shreds away any doubt that words can constitute real change in things. Lynn Y. Hou is Asian, sexually queer, has a hearing "disability" and is nearing adulthood, and has the distinct ability to see to the rootcore of such ilk as racism, stereotypes, homophobic ignominy, and self-esteem problems. Reading this is like meeting a new friend at a Bikini Kill show, having a long conversation about everything from skateboarding to being attracted to the same sex, wishing the world was better and figuring out some ways you could help get it there, making-out after holding hands in the slam pit, then dying each other's hair in the back of your friends van on the way home, only to get into a tragic accident, but survive wrapped in one another's arms, still existing in an evil world of

BACKPACK WORLD

By Lydia



It's strange what drastic measures it takes for me to realize I'm alive. Wandering through the woods with my pack I still need to remind myself to look around. As my eyes begin to stray from the well-worn trail off to the side and then deeper into the woods, I notice so many things. I can't quite understand what it is exactly that makes the forest beautiful. But that is the word I can use to describe what I feel radiating from the greenness surrounding me. Now that I'm out here twenty-four hours a day I realize how little time I spend outdoors in my regular life. Everything seems more manageable as I take it a step at a time. I still trip and fall on my butt a lot, but it's easier to pick myself up and keep plodding along. I no longer feel like I'm conquering nature; anything but. She is allowing me to travel upon her and experience her gifts.

Purple mushrooms sprouting from luscious, moist moss remind me of some cartoon I saw when I was little. I didn't realize that they existed in such vibrant reality. They grow in little purple forests among the moss. The color itself is so pure and I realize that the cartoons didn't create imaginary mushrooms and flowers, the artist stole their sketches from life. Now I have time to sit silently upon a rock and rest while imbibing the infinite miracles constantly occurring around me. Nature is full of tricks and mysteries that only she knows the answer for.

No matter how much I ever learn plant's names, and animal's behaviors I will never stop being utterly impressed by trees, and rocks, and birds. Simple things which we don't consider important in culture today. Simple beings that don't care about computers, televisions, phones, Nintendo, and cars. Creatures that are considered inferior, but which know so much about their own survival. Their instincts are something that we will never understand. How do birds know to migrate? How do trees create so much while standing rooted? We look to a God for grand signs. What do we want, flashing neon lights, show tunes, and a decent snack in the face? When I open my eyes and take them off the muddy trail of footprints, when I stop following the steps someone placed in front of me like directions for a dance, when I lift my head and take the effort to turn it around I am humbled by the miracles which continue constantly. Time has no meaning to the ancient trees who have witnessed thousands of seasons. Schedules have absolutely no application in the forest.

I'm in no rush to move from my cold, hard resting place. The sun is brilliant today and it flutters through the trees creating shadows of the leaves rustling on the forest floor. A slug slowly wanders up the rock next to me leaving it's slimy trail behind. I think about how I used to squeal at this slippery orange pest, but now I wonder at it. Something must be special about this orange little blob for nature to allow it to flourish. Slimy trails cover the forest floor on this damp day, evidence that many others slither along their ways. Someone once told me that if you put a bowl of alcohol out it will kill the slugs because they will drink themselves to death. Isn't it sad that we think own certain plants and call them gardens? The plants on these unlabeled territories belong exclusively to us so animals beware, we have pesticides to prove our power to you. But animals don't understand these civilized rules and unknowingly they find themselves poisoned by a chemical spray.

But these bitter thoughts oppress my mind and get me nowhere. I would rather absorb some lessons on how to live. I seem to have forgotten and the knowledge is slow to return. Out here I feel myself relaxing and some innate quality taking over. Tension held in my shoulders for months melts and my muscles flex, strengthening with each step uphill. New melodies float through my mind inspired by the whispering of trees, babbling brooks, and buzzing insects. I've even adapted to the constant monotonous hum of bugs in my ear. I no longer whine at them buzzing in my face. My hands instinctively brush them away without the irritation of my mind.

My mind is somewhere else. This is the quality differentiating us from the animal kingdom but mistakenly taken for an argument of our superiority. I wonder where these thoughts come from because I know it's not all taken in from my physical environment. Maybe somewhere inside my cells and DNA and genes, coded somewhere are these thoughts with directions on when and how to appear magically to my consciousness. Somehow I doubt this. Pain from my aching back has faded. Now I see what wimps we are. Life has been dulled by our responsibilities and duties. We are sucking out the pleasure and tricking ourselves into believing that we don't deserve it.

I reach a stream and pause to get more water. Leaning my pack against a tree I reach in to pull out my water filter. The water trickling from this mountain spring bubbles while flowing over worn pebbles and swiftly splashing down to join with slightly larger streams and so on. Following intricate, weaving paths like the veins in leaves or people. Eventually meeting with bigger and bigger bodies of water until spilling out into the ocean. But this water which appears to be flowing from the center of the earth is not pure. I listen to the water slosh and swirl through the filter as I quickly pump. My arm gets sore and I switch to the other side. I can't see the tiny organisms who pollute my water but I imagine humanity is the guilty party for inserting them here. Now the big companies even make money off water. Even our basic necessities are beginning to cost us. Pure water is scarce if it exists.

I wander on my way with new bottles of water adding a little extra weight to my pack. As the day settles to an end I try to concentrate more on the moment again. My energy is consumed attempting to focus only on thoughts of the wild, but civilization seeps into the corners of my mind and I realize it is not something I can ever truly escape. The idea of becoming a hermit hiding among the mountains is pleasant but somehow not the answer. I will return home to the land of indoors. Once again I will be absorbed by computers and gas prices, alarm clocks and electricity. Can I find a balance? There must be a place to live between worlds. Change has come and will come again. I cannot go back to the woods, but that does not leave me hopeless. Humanity is as beautiful as it is ugly. I can still choose to make peace with the world around me.

AWHOLE TOWN TORASE AKID-AWHOLE SCENE TORASE A ZINE!

Thirty Six (Six Six)

36

Retards and homosapiens unite! Zine Reviews

Grrl dick #1,
12 pages of ultra passionate, mostly handwritten transgender woe. 2 stamps. Potent, emotional, personal on a new level. A soul deep introduction to Katie Kaput, a boy, who's really a grrrl, but has a dick, is a dyke, and can't decide to get her grrrl dick replaced by a cunt, or remain a womyn trapped in a boy's body. Penetrating, this is sincere and asks a question of where people like Katie fit into society. Lovely.
Katie Kaput, 22 W. 279 Arbor Ln., Glen Ellyn, IL, 60137 or KatieKaput@aol.com

As It Stands... #2
46 pages, this zine looks harmless enough, like a cute little squirrel, but will leap out and grab you with it's cute little claws, just like the fluffy squirrel would if you found it's hidden stash of winter nuts while out hiking in the beautiful forests of North America. The columns are all well researched and backed up by hard cold facts that you can't dispute, but worded in such a chummy way, such as..... "Hey friend, life is swell, don't you agree? Our loveless society eats our brains, we smoke ourselves dead, kill each other and go home to fuck our wives!" I like to put on some grindcore like Cannibal Corpse and read Mark's zine outloud, with a deep guttural growl instead of my normal voice, gives it a sinister quality that could scare sane people away. Here's some column titles, read them aloud in a creepy voice... The Loss of a Loved One, PETA Sucks!, How To Quit Smoking, Body and Culture, xTRIALx interview, Violence?, Thug 4 Life, Party On!... see what I'm saying? Good opinionated rants. Better than greasy cheeze. Send some stamps to: Mark Osmond, 8364 Washburn, Goodrich, MI, 48438 or deodorantstinks@yahoo.com

Riot Grrrls! #1
40 pages, free, cut and paste, this is feminine fury, full of rambunctious teen energy, with more poetry than a Soho coffee shop. Pics of riot boy's and grrrls, profiles on members of the grrrl/boi revolutionaries, teenage sex column, token anti-t.v. speech, and what it means

my views change over time

every time that it puts me in a different position-
 i reconstruct my gelatinous future
 to fit the surrounding atmosphere,
 and the few characters that i lured into my life
 all become soulmates.

--justin

This desperate lonely man
 Wandering in the streets
 Wandering the dark night
 The forgotten in the Promised Land
 Have you ever noticed?

Do you really care?
 Will you lend a helping hand?
 Compassion is just so rare
 Do you have any feelings?
 Can you look at them as human beings?
 Do you consider them evil?
 Or just not real people



When you pass do you look away
 Afraid of what they might say
 Rush to get them out of your sight
 Don't care about their plight
 This desperate lonely man
 That you pretend not to see
 He has a name just like you and me

This desperate lonely man
 That you pretend not to hear
 He has a place
 He's part of the human race
 If you were dealt a different hand
 That could be you in his place
 Digging through the garbage can
 What would you do in that case?

-Todd

i know it's sick and twisted...
 sometimes in life,
 we gotta fight ourselves;
 to find out reasons why.
 is it dark in here?
 are we all messed up?
 legacy of feelings...
 hate becomes love,

...?

so while you hide...
 i fend off the world,
 cut me to pieces;
 open new wounds.

i hear your words...
 they filter from
 there:
 where you lay.

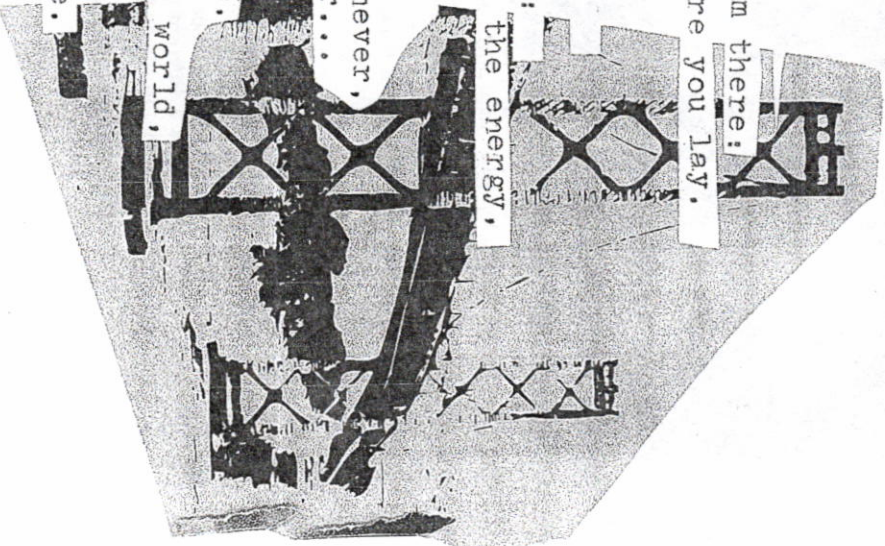
your fingers speak...
 of all the ways:
 you trace the energy,

from between your legs.
 try to wipe it away,
 ...i know it's now or never,
 why couldn't you be her...

i'll always love;
 always what we were.
 so while i die...
 i will fend off the world,

fall to pieces;
 i will stand and refuse.

i hear your words...
 as they filter back to me.



--neil.

D.I.Y. Sentimentality

BY NEIL



So, what the hell is a fucking holiday anyway? Christmas, an age-old pagan tradition morphed into a Christ adoring joke day latched onto by a nation of "liberated" people who set aside disdain and apathy for a short time to spread good will towards others, because nationally they are told to. What ends up getting celebrated? Not peace, joy or love, more so materialism, stress inducing spending mania, getting in debt and competition to be the most loving gift-giver, proving your own list of potential present receivers mirrors a corporate promotion ladder. Think about it, hierarchy controls everyone, that's the American way, that's how you choose who gets what and how much money you allot to an individual's worth. Someone you are obligated to give something to that's unimportant to you gets a cheese basket, while someone at the top of your "worthy people list" gets the latest model of new technology. And don't you give only to receive anyway? Maybe I'm cynical but this whole ordeal just reeks of deception and bullshit.

If you sincerely want to give a gift to someone you love, why must it be given on the standard decided day (by whom?) designated for such loving kindness? Why, because everyone else is doing it? I see right through it. Why do you think the government and corporate business promote this day so savagely? Our nemesis, cash, the dealer of death, subversion and enslavement. Our unsuspecting worker dedicates hour on hour throughout a year of desk or labor service, saving up money while peddling away their lifetime. Only to give it all back by spending ridiculous amounts of this same money they bought with the very hours of their lives, for purchase of the very items they produced, marketed and built for corporations, for economy, for governmental capitalism. NATIONAL EXPLOITATION DAY! GIVE IT ALL BACK TO BIG BROTHER AND BIG BUSINESS, AND DAMN IT PEACE ON EARTH! Where is that money going? Back to the father machine that keeps the masses divided, brainless and exploited. Back to fund the machine that looks to govern the whole planet under the creed of death or slavery, submission or poverty, conformity or murder.

Yeah, whatever, another political rant with no answer but "this system is evil", right? Not really, I do have an idea, one I use personally, and one others could possibly adopt themselves. The idea is to be able to beat that old bastard capitalism at it's own game using genuine ingenuity and D.I.Y. action, and still give the people you love a gift if you choose to celebrate any type of holiday. I'm not talking about being cheapskates, I'm talking about being real. Seriously, what is more appreciated than something that has sentimental value versus capital value? Fuck buying gifts, instead MAKING a gift, creating something worth it. Using stuff you already possess to produce a meaningful something. Make a limited copy zine for your friends telling them how much they mean, make mix-tapes full of favorite bands and songs, throw a party with a band and dedicate songs as a gift, or better yet write songs and sing them yourself. Make t-shirts, by hand, of bands or meaningful one word of few word statements. The list could go on, so many ideas. Another idea is to give something you have and adore to someone who would appreciate it and value it so much more for it's sentimental and personal value. Give a CD, a 7", a concert t-shirt, a book, a jacket, a patch, anything of yours which means something, something that you give out of sincere friendship. What are possessions anyway? Remember years ago as kids we would make something for friends or family, draw a picture, carve some wood, glue shit together, fashion a Valentine, whatever happened to that idea? That is D.I.Y. in its most rudimentary form. That sense of giving is thoughtful, it's pure and it's unexploitable, as well as sincerely you.

I wish I had gotten a letter back from you before I left for Italy, but the mail is slow and it is hard to write back immediately. I have 12 more days here, which are sure to be full of mini adventures. Our concerts have been fantastic so far. We sang in this huge square last night, it drew crowds out from everywhere. Then we were invited to go sing in one of the pubs. The African music is so powerful. I love it. In Africa singing is a part of life. They have songs for every emotion and situation. It is an innate quality to be able to sing. Their voices are luscious and full. We can not imitate it. The political songs are my favorite. All the songs are sung with spirit, power and a positive outlook even with the most negative reason for singing.

I am thinking of you when I am singing their freedom songs. I don't know if I think it is ever right to take someone's freedom and lock them away. It is a solution that does not solve. But freedom of spirit cannot be taken away and you know that. You can travel the world and still be chained if you don't find and cherish the depths of your own soul.

My spirit is with you,
Lydia

To find out about Lydia's a cappella singing group called the Village Harmony and the multi-ethnic folk and culturally traditional songs they sing write her: Lydia Petty, 760 Silloway Rd., Randolph Ctr., VT 05061

"DEAR WEENIES..."

Hi Neil, I got a copy of wxs today and I have to say, I'm very impressed-particularly by your unflinching honesty. Its not always easy reading but I believe that you're doing something crucially important: educating people about the realities of some people's lives. I really hope that you'll reach a very wide audience with this; have you thought of setting up a website? I wouldn't have a clue how to do it, but I heard it's possible to get free web space. Anyway, back to what's really important: well done and thank you for what you're doing and for being so brave. It's only by people like you doing things like this, that public opinion will change and that will bring the changes we're all seeking, little by little.

Thanks and good luck with wxs
Jo Jones, England

Brother Neil,
I just received "Wiener Society #1" from our friend Anthony and I had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed reading it. Your story of drug addiction and time in prison really hit home with me, because of my own life of living hell. You of course told it in much greater detail than I have been doing so far. Learning to communicate openly is still something I'm struggling with. Conditioning, you know. Trust no man, etc.

I salute you for finally denouncing the racist scum who thrive in prisons everywhere! While your safety may be a problem, it's far better to be true to yourself than a pawn in a hateful group. At least you can live with yourself knowing that you're not lying anymore.

I often have discussions with others around me about homosexuality, which go nowhere. Homophobia is rampant and bi-sexuality is seen as no different. In my view, everyone has the freedom to live as they wish, so long as their choices don't infringe upon another life. Society, both in and outside, is full of very narrow-minded people. Sometimes we can alter their views, sometimes they're unshakable. Be yourself, be proud! I've taunted homophobes on occasion - once in San Francisco, where a friend and I joined hands as we skipped down Polk St., to the annoyance of several "Macho" guys in a car. To hell with what people think of me! To be stuck in a sexual orientation is to be blocked from learning about a potential ally.

Anyway, I just wanted to voice my support for your zine. I hope you continue doing it and I look forward to future issues. Keep looking within yourself for answers and rest assured that you do touch a nerve in others now and then. I wish I could say more, but don't know what restrictions exist on your mail, mine is certainly read.

In Unity,
Ron Campbell
Constipation Zine
Fellow Con

Holiday in the Slammer

As December ate November and the days continued to become colder, somehow a holiday spirit sprang up here in the dismal walls of Mule Creek State Prison. Usually days of celebration, for myself (a sometimes disillusioned young man in prison) are just another day in a life spent away from freedom, unhappy, angry and lonely. Days, in which I have no family to share it with, no love to bask in, no cheer to generate or to feel. Just another day to sit in my cell and shut myself off from everyone. Just another day to step foot onto the prison yard and wander aimlessly in a continual go-no-where circle on a continual go-no-where track. Another day to have small talk conversations with other guys being as superficial as I, as we mill about realizing the futility of prison life; cattle-whipped men, unfree.

The dope fiends mingle in small two or three man clusters, shifty eyes, itchy noses, fidgety hands, bouncing from person to person. Humanoid pinball's looking for who has the bag, who's giving out fronts, who's got the good shit and desperately seeking out that small sliver they can sneak back to their cell, throw in a spoon and then put into their vein.

The winos bickering or laughing, walking around smelling like pruno (homemade wine, sour but sweet like three day old Cisco), being obnoxious, starting fight, clowning or just being drunk.

Yard rats are out there too. Always gathering info for the man. They're invisible who know who that pledge loyalty to the green uniform. Some of them we all know, many others remain confidential informants, usually those deepest in debt or even the guy selling you your \$50 slice of heroin. Or the guy bringing it in. Rattling your fellow inmates off is a bigger addiction than dope. Everyone on this fucked "sensitive needs" yard has rattled at least once. For most it was a matter of life or death. Guys locked-up off a yard owing thousands in dope debts, knowing a knife to the back or a razor across the jugular will be the only payment he can give his connection, or be booked for what he owes. You pay your debts or you get stabbed-up. Basic prison policy. If he was to put a knife in the connection he'd have to take out every dude that was the connection's homeboy, then the dude's that the connection owes are going to be coming looking to collect. No way to win. The hole's too deep. Instead, he approaches the man with the badge, says he's in danger of being whacked and he locks-up straight to ad-seg (the hole) with enemy concerns. In ad-seg he gives up info to try at getting to a sensitive needs yard, full of guys just like him. To safety. Usually he's tossed back out onto a hard yard in some other prison to duck, dodge, lie and hide until he runs another debt up or someone fingers him as a lock-up case at which time he's sure to get got. This time a couple stab wounds to go with him back to the hole.

Then there are the dropouts, the guys who played the politics hard. The guys that stabbed and killed for their prison gangs. Got deep off into being a straight fool looking for that crazy reputation, that either got tired of the games, the power struggle, the selling out of "friends" and family, the weak links or they got caught up and got themselves stabbed.

Victims, rats, drop-outs, child molesters, rapist, state-protected witnesses, the worst and the best (who just made one mistake or who did the right thing, who can say who's right and who's wrong?), the weak and the strong. They all end up on the other side, on a protective custody yard. They're all marked, unable to set foot in an active general population yard without getting ventilated. They're all together here in "safety".

No 1,000 man prison yard could be trouble free; greed, addiction, the game of power are all habits the convict can't seem to shake and tragically many cannot give-up telling and the end up working for the man. Kind of a toxic environment, one however that I find myself in. Me, the drop-out Nazi, the junkie, the wino, the kid who got too deep into the fatal game of prison politics, dope scams and in image racism. The kid who couldn't play no

more. The fuckin' P.C. The guy, who ran up debts, turned in a knife, got jumped and told on the skinheads who tried to use me in their political games. The skinheads who tried to use me as a warhead with a knife, which tried to force me to stab to prove my racial loyalty. The same ones who now want to put a knife in me and watch the lights in my eyes die forever, still to this day. The guys that I will never forget. The guys who will never forget my decision to fuck-over the skinheads that I used to be a part of.

This side, the end of the line. My home, alone. Who would believe that I would find a few people here to care for, to befriend, and to be real with? My gutter-punk homie Rif-Raf, my best friend the Slayer worshipping pagan Pony, Sparky the Danzig groupie who got stabbed seven times before landing P.C., Flames, Chance, Kane. You know, I was never a true individual until I became a validated protective custody inmate. I never knew myself, all that I knew was image, reputation and being somebody. That was the game that I was dropped into, the game that fucked me. No more rules though, no more pretending, no more politics to dictate. On this side I could choose to continue to fool myself or to be myself. So, of course my world changed, I changed. But the time didn't, the cell didn't, the mentality of being locked up remained. That won't ever change how could it? Freedom is freedom and incarceration is incarceration.

I met a guy named Bandit. Since coming to Mule Creek State Prison in Northern California on an hours-long bus ride shackled and jump suited I mainly laid low deciding that I was my own most trusted company. My hair spiked up in disarray one day and put up in my best James Dean pompadour the next. I would walk the track, eyes hidden behind sunglasses, my gait one of mellow contemplation. I would think, distracted by the blue sky colling to me above the gun towers and razor wire horizon, ignoring those around me, finding myself lost in thought, wondering, questioning. Bits of rap music clogged my haze as I passed a table surrounded by black guys playing dominos and I smiled at the beat. There was a form of freedom here. I was surrounded by slavery, but the sun was out and so was I. I was living with a homosexual friend of mine, which of course ignited a lot of rumors around the population about the strange, punky, skinny guy with the white power tattoos being-celled up with a known Mexican queer. I had to be gay, right? I couldn't care what people thought, I was past that point in my life. I left my reputation in a broken heap somewhere on that prison yard I used to be a skinhead on. I no longer tried to make people perceive me in a certain way. I didn't care if people talked behind my back or called me a fag. Regardless, I will be whoever I want to be.

I came out of my cell one day, walked down the steel stairs into the packed day room of my block and through the noise of card games, football on the TV and dozens of different conversations Bandit called me over to a table. He sat smiling, his deep dimples framing his beautiful smile, his eyes brown like my own, like his skin and they were gorgeous. I saw the deep scar on his neck where someone tried to steal his life, through the blood running from his opened jugular. I saw his tattoos, the Nuestrera Raza just under his Adam's apple, the two black stars and I knew he used to be one of those bad motherfuckers. We talked, he started to flirt and this urge to know him deeper began to unfurl so I flirted back. Before I knew it we were talking about our bi-sexuality, about music and about relationships in the joint. I admitted to never having one in prison and somehow knew that given the chance I would with him. Somehow not a month later it happened. My old cellie freaked out and has not spoken to me since. I found reality wrapped in strong arms, legs entwined under a sheet, late at night falling asleep on his chest. He wasn't bandit anymore, he was Ricky and he was mine. In a few months we were in love, something that we never imagined, something we never knew existed. Two men from different backgrounds, a lot of baggage, different outlooks but with one focus, each other. Who ever thought that in prison, behind these walls there existed love. Existed a life to share.

LETTERS

Thoughts from Italy...

Neil,

It is incredible here. I can't believe the beauty of this land and it's people. I am so content but at the same time detached. I forget easily my home and get totally wrapped up in the life here. We are staying in a tiny town about an hour from the East Coast of Northern Italy. Everything is ancient. America is such a baby still. I love the architecture and history behind everywhere here. We are staying in a hostel of sorts which is connected to an old church. It is beautiful. My room has three arched windows, which are swung up facing stunning hills. There has been a record heat wave so temperatures have been about 108 degrees every day. The chubby little man who looks after the place is full of flattery. He won't leave me alone even as I'm sitting here writing you. I have been talking to him all afternoon, which is very difficult due to the language. He speaks a few English words and I know about 3 in Italian. He took me down to his wine cellar today. I couldn't believe it! It was delicious but I really don't like drinking. I had a small glass of several kinds and he was very pleased. I am very happy here. It feels so good because it has been such a long time but it is also lonely. There is nothing and no one grounding me here. If I had the desire to wander off and never return it would be so simple. Traveling, I believe, is the most worthwhile adventure. It puts perspective on everything and makes you realize how small your life and your own little world is. People have this innate tendency to narrow their minds so I only to see what is directly in front of them and sometimes not even that. It can be painful and difficult to open your mind beyond life's day to day banal routines. Living in a town where everyone knows you it is very easy to fall into that cliché. The first time I left the U.S. on my own was when I was 12 years old. It blew my mind away. Any image I had of America was destroyed. It is sick to me the effect America has on the entire world. Everywhere around us is so much more aware while most in the U.S. are totally ignorant to world's affairs. Everywhere here there are people wearing American clothes, eating American foods, speaking English. It is ridiculous and sickening. I feel so guilty that I can only speak 3 words in Italian. Everyone I meet must cater to me and speak English. Here the "American Dream" still exists. I have met many people who have images of traveling to this "paradise". But there is a crack in that ideal and America is not beloved to many any longer. Her deeds and realities are more and more revealed. While the crack is growing larger many Americans (who don't travel) are under the impression that they are living in the "best" country and that everyone agrees. It is sad and definitely not heading in a good direction. I only see escalating anger at Americans. It is no wonder the way many of us act when we travel. I saw some incredible jerks on the way here, yelling, stomping around and acting as if they own everything. I have a strong core belief in respect especially when you are treading in someone else's territory. They are giving you permission to be there, it is not simply a right you have. Shit in your own toilet don't stink up someone else's bathroom. Ha-ha... I don't know if that metaphor quite works.

On a more personal level I feel very far away from myself. I have been at a loss for explaining exactly how I feel. Each time I try to write or think I am distracted. It feels like something I read in a Richard Bach book about leaving your body during dreams. I feel as though my mind has left my body, which is still living because it is attached by a small invisible thread. I picture a spider's web holding my two pieces together. I don't quite know which one is where but I'm trying to wake up and put them together. I don't like the feeling of being lost from myself. It is very hard to balance, to find some kind of equilibrium between thinking about home (past and future), while still enjoying being here and the present. This is always a challenge but I find it accentuated now.

I met an amazing guy my second day here. Beautiful people are the joy of my life. And I mean beautiful not in the superficial sense but in the entirety of the word. That they radiate their soul from them. I find that my instant fascinations with people are always correct. I don't judge people immediately but with some people I simply know that I will like them the moment they enter my life. That is the best I can explain it. It is very impossible. Anyway we sat on the front steps for hours just talking straight into each other's eyes. (The front step is my favorite place by the way. I have spent hours out here) I love that... do you know what I mean? When someone is just looking straight inside of you and it feels as though they can see your soul sitting there but naked. But it is not frightening it is liberating and exciting. He had magnificent eyes too. They were gigantic so that only made it all the more powerful. It was very thrilling to make such a strong connection. I was immediately drawn to him. But now it is awkward because I don't know how to talk like that and then say goodbye. I am terrible at saying goodbye anyways and him I will probably never see again. He is coming to see me tonight and it will be a very interesting meeting. I don't know what to expect...

short MILEMARKER interview conducted
by Justin- under the influence of
marijuana some where in michigan.

Wiener Society (wXs): Let's start out with your name and what you do in the band?
Milemarker (MM): My name is Roby and I play synthesizer and sing.

wXs: How did the band originate?

MM: We started 3 years ago. It was a 3 piece and I did lights. Then we switched it and over the years it became this. Which is a different drummer and now I play synthesizer, otherwise it's pretty much the same. We just started to tour. You know, like that was the reason the band formed was to tour as much as possible.

wXs: Are you out promoting your new album, Frigid Forms Sell? Isn't that your newest one?
MM: Yeah that's the newest one. I guess so. Yeah.

wXs: You got a lot out. It seems like?
MM: Yeah. 3 (laughs) it's kind of a lot.

wXs: It's more than two...but a lot of people in the punk community, at least around here, think that dolphins are smarter than humans are. How do you feel about that?
MM: Absolutely. They don't have opposable thumbs though. That's the problem.

wXs: If you could fight one celebrity who would it be?
MM: I'm a pacifist.

wXs: Oh, well if you were gonna have a book bowl, who would you choose?
MM: A book bowl?

wXs: What if you were gonna play battleship who would it be?
MM: ... George Lucas, I suppose.

wXs: Well that's it. I don't really know what else to talk about. I'm not very good.
MM: Do you wanna press pause and think of a question?

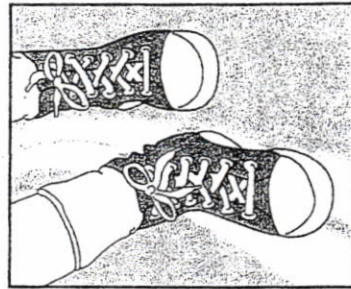
wXs: No that's O.K.

I gave my heart to this man, in an amazing way. The other night I realized it's been nearly 5 months now, 5 months of growth, trust and intensity. Our cell is a home, a place of solace, and a chamber of embodiment. I sit here now at the foot of his bed, he's lying down waiting for me to come and crawl up under the blanket.

Last month was my first holiday behind bars that I was content. I had someone to be excited with, someone to love, and someone to give to. Ricky blew my mind; he handed me a box two days before Christmas that was wrapped in strips of brown paper bag. The card read "something to bring back memories." I ripped it open. Peeling open the box the first thing I saw was a grinning skull, a yellow and black skull, just like the cover art of my favorite Misfits album. Reaching in I pulled out a foot long skateboard. Painted black, the Misfits logo perfectly detailed between two pieces of grip tape. I flipped it over to find my name, Neil, in red drippy letters between the silver trucks capped with white wheels. "It's all cardboard", he said, "I had this guy make it for you. I know how much you love skateboarding and Misfits are your favorite band...you know. Merry Christmas, the grip tape is bread and glue."

I was almost speechless. All I could say was how much I loved it, how different it was, I would keep it forever (it was taken in a recent search of my cell. It was considered contraband for being "inmate manufactured". It was crushed by the C.O.'s boot before getting thrown in a bag with extra sheets I wasn't allowed either...heartless) and how real it looked. He smiled; I thanked him with a kiss. The next day I asked him if he was ready for his. Our cell door was open; we were getting ready to leave. I pulled up my long sleeve and he followed my eyes to my forearm where 3 black letters were newly tattooed there, R.G.M., Ricky George Martinez. I would never forget him. I gave him something that would last longer than my own life, something that would represent my love for him even as my dead body was lowered into the ground. If I could I would brand it on my heart. I know this won't last forever, one of us could go to the hole any day, anything could happen, and life in prison is unpredictable. Even if we separate, even if we part, even if we go our own way he will always be the first person that loved me. The real me, not the guy who fooled everyone, not the fake hater, not the drug addict who would kill for a fix, not the liar, the image, but me, someone none of my other lovers not even my ex-wife has ever known. He was the first and these last months will never fade in my heart or mind. Ricky, I love you, in such a different way. This emotion isn't dictionary love, this is something only found here, in a prison, in slavery, in a cell, in two hearts of two men with violent pasts, with dead reputations, with honesty, without doubt, something more risky than a loaded gun, this is only love.

And even though I'm gone now, I'll be back...



-Neil

My May

By Neil

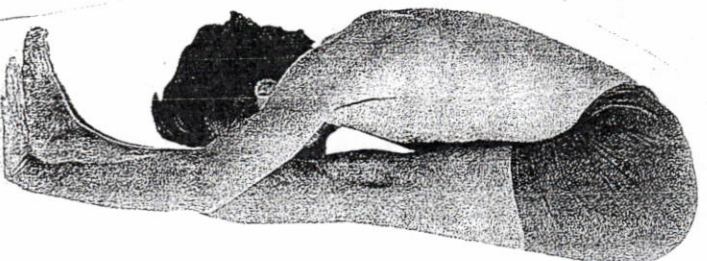
I am fighting a war. This zine you're reading is the only artillery I possess to reach out from behind prison bars. My struggle, my essence, my convictions and fears will be shaved with you, friend, enemy, or curious reader. To gain anything from these black ink configurations all you need is an open mind. My opinions need not mirror your own, however keep focused on the actual stance I assert. Equality.



My name is Neil. My nick name is Baby Boy, maybe because I look so young, someone thought I was sweet, or some see me as their little brother. I've been answering to the moniker for years. I'm 23 years old, born in '77, the eldest of three. My parents are born again. I'm agnostic sometimes, always anti-religion. I've listened to punk since I was 12. I've been coming to jail since I was 14. I never graduated. I'm a dope fiend, recovering. I smoke weed. I love tattoos. I'm manic-depressive, & obsessive compulsive, or that's what the shrink says. I'm a father of a gorgeous daughter, and her mother is divorcing me for her corporate career. She's going to be an attorney, a criminal prosecution attorney. Spite is evil at times.

because you've been left helpless and you realize how foolish it is to judge someone for his or her faults for you are riddled with weakness and failure. So in the end it was a search for acceptance, although not to be accepted by anyone but yourself. Grab the scalpel, cut yourself open and teach yourself how to sew it all up in a way that is beautifully ugly and shamelessly you. Terminate fear, cultivate strength, never imitate and be true.

-Neil



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for forgiveness for myself, and learn to like myself, to trust myself. I talked with me, I opened up my grief, my confusion, my questions and my soul. I dug through it with the intent to find a cure, an explanation or a reason. And undeniable were the conclusions I found written in my own heart. Every man has worth. Every man has flaws. Every man has power. Every man has love. Every man has faith. Every one has hope greater than the doubt, bigger than the fear. Every one has the same abilities and strengths. EVERY ONE. The reality of equality sunk in and for once I realized how the treasure of unity had been buried under the heaping piles of hate and stereotype. I saw how I, as so many others, had fallen victim to society's lies of reputation and classism. I understood that the love within every soul if someone was able to touch just one other spirit and that soul teaches on other, the truth of humanity could be awakened through us, through the truths we all know inside. But the most vivid of all my thoughts was that there was no one greater than I was in my life and nothings stronger than my own strength. My life was mine and no others, I chose where it went, no other. My will was the extent of my remarkable mortality. I had no choice. With choice I had the means to change and through change an acquaintance with reconciliation. In fact, I chose to find forgiveness. I did this for myself and for my future. Life after past, it exists.

I maintain this belief that through positive action can I not only rectify, in my own life as well as those around me, my past, but I can make my present situation one of true vision, by writing, by admitting, by refusing to lie about who I was, what I am and what I may be ahead. I adore the underground movement of anarchism, activism and equality. I love punk rock and the D.I.Y. community, but most of all I cherish myself, without validation as a good or liked person by any group, that I still contain life, hope and love. I love the fact that I don't need acceptance from anyone anymore to feel good about myself. The fact that I can stand-alone and say "this is what I am and I believe in me", that I know me.

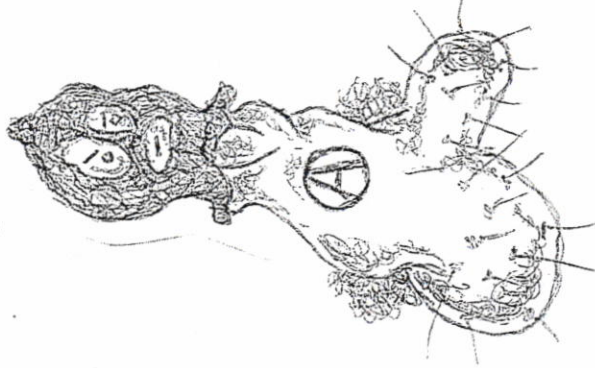
So, what am I saying? Don't get lost in the crowd around you. Don't lose your personality and never do anything you don't want to just to impress. Don't hate people or discriminate because it's easier to, or because it would feed your image, instead starve your image. Stand up for truth, no matter how you look doing it. Don't make people feel less than you. Realize that everyone, yeah, everyone has love in him or her, maybe not visibly, but it's there even if buried under hatred. Don't ever forget who you are, which is just like everyone else, a human being lost on the face of a dying planet surrounded by millions oppressed by so many "-isms", just like you. Whenever you find yourself losing your touch with who you are, step back and re-evaluate why you do what you are doing. Is it because of reputation or because of truth? There's a difference, find it out. Personal rebellion is what makes collective action possible. It's all about you. That's how it becomes all about "us". No one is stronger than someone who knows themselves, and the power of their own truth. Without knowledge of "self" there is no knowledge of "reality", for a self is truth (reality) and images a lie (fantasy). How people perceive you is worthless if you yourself know your own perception of yourself is the beginning and the end of realism. Ever feel like you haven't achieved what it is that you know you can? Possibly it's because you've rested your eyes outwardly rather than focused them inwardly. The answers are there, they always have been, but only you can realize them.

Finding yourself means denying everything you've ever been taught, stepping away from everything around, giving up pride, giving up lies and most of all unlearning conformity inside, whether it be conformity of a conventional brand or conformity to an image of "non-conformity". It means asking yourself questions such as, Am I prejudiced against anyone? Do I love more than I hate? Why am I suicidal, is it because I'm scared of facing myself or because I don't live up to other's standards? Have I been honest about my sexuality, do I hide from it because I fear to fuck off my reputation? Or even, do I pretend to be something I'm not because I want people to like me? Could I be myself, even if other's treated me differently than they do now? Do I say things to be cool, even if they victimize others? Do I not care about anything because no one else does? Could I accept the fact that I'm not better than anyone else is and never will be? Why am I angry? Do I treat people badly because I've been treated that way? Could I ever reverse all this by changing the way I treat others? Do I doubt myself because others do? What makes me different from the people I hate?

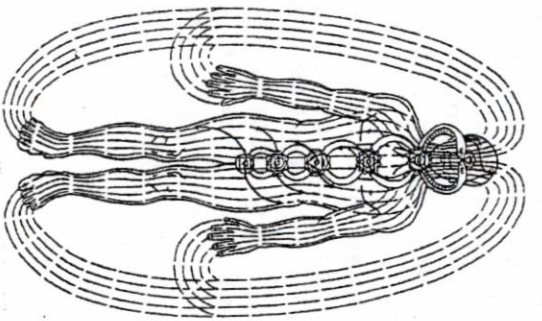
Humility is unleashed inside you when you answer yourself with true facts. Seeing yourself, you understand hypocrisy, you understand discrimination; you understand hate because all these originate in you, and they are created when you let your own beauty be painted by the views and ideals of a twisted society. When you stop listening to yourself and start hearing the lies meant to get you to give-up the power to be free. You see how wrong it is to hurt other people, because you know how it feels to be the one hurt. You know it's not right to put others down, because you've been put down. You know how wrong it is to put yourself in a superior mind-frame than another, because someone has looked down upon you. You know it's unfair to refuse someone help,

I'm bi-sexual, I lost my hetero virginity at 12, my homo one at 12½. I was molested for years when I was a ~~boy~~ boy by an uncle and a few aunts. Long painful story, you'll hear it. I'm in prison now for 16 years, got 12 left to do. I haven't stayed out of incarceration for over a calender year since I first got locked up. I'm an ex-white-power-skinhead. Another long story. Read on. I am no longer racist. I never was.

Only too weak to not sell out, I'm stronger now. I resist. I fight now. I speak out. I argue. I have opinions. I still reserve hatred for selective distrobution where necessary.



I am not hopeless, but I'm not happy. I'm lost in many ways but I have good ~~intentions~~ intentions, and a focal point. I want to impact helplessly frantic youth. I want to talk. I want to tell stories. I want to be heard. I want to be active. I want to be someones friend. I want to be proud of myself and execute with integrity. I do not want to hide. No room for lies when honesty of a brutal nature dictates. I won't be less than real. That means always passionate, sometimes bitchy. judgemental, rude,



flamboyantly gay (when the mood arises), never perfect, but willing to admit and recognize my own faults.

I hated myself for so long. I'm getting over it. I have a foot fetish. I love my hair. I'm skinny. I skate-board. Music is one of my ~~xxx~~ dieties. I sing (or I think I do), write, read, play guitar, compose songs, poetry, and I want to write a book. I am pro-choice, and a feminist. I hate authority; ~~xxx~~ the government; the military; the WTO; the United Nations; capitalism; materialism; racism; animal abuse; molestation & sexual abuse; homophobia; the prison industry complex; patriots. I am white. I am human. I refuse to be labelled.

The media is propaganda. Lots of people like to believe the hype. Why ~~xx~~ ask why? It's easier to be a passive automous citizen conformed to the popular demand of the month. I don't watch T.V. I like Filth, Man Is The Bastard, G.G., El Duce, Wendy O. I like the Gilman scene from late 80's, yeah "no more bad town" was good. I've lived in social my whole life. I

this way, only few admit it so blatantly as I have, regardless, it matters little. How can I say that? Because, I've come to know there is life after past.

With these words I'm not only detailing the dynamics of my past personality disorders, I'm answering questions to myself and allowing truth to run its course through my thoughts. It's hard to stare my defects in the face and recognize exactly who I've been or even the absence of who I could have been. My past haunts me and I'd be dishonest to say that there is no more pain. There's much along with fistfists of remorse and regret. I don't like admitting the things I've done for such uncouth reasons and motives. But I feel honestly contains immense power and just through admittance of fault or wrong I feel like I gain back, not the lost time or even forgiveness or forgetfulness from those I've wronged, possibly no retribution to those hurt is possible, but I feel like I gain back myself. I came to a realization about a year ago that I was a lost cause unable to be saved from my own constructed doom, that this world, my family, my "friends" or lovers were unable to save or change me. No one could reach in to rectify my twisted inner design, no one could tell me how to find a way to go on. If there ever existed a person with such ability I had alienated, destroyed, betrayed, fucked-over or rejected them in my scheme to be the most liked person around. It's ironic that my agenda to be adored or wanted led me to be despised and hated. I guess that shows that black intentions bring black results. I was a popularly junkie lost in an underground maze of sub-scenes and the rebellious undercurrents of society's back streets.

Why did I feel the need to make my self out to be someone I thought people would recognize and like? Isn't that what society programmed me to want? Isn't that what everyone wants? Isn't that human? Society: systematic reputation accumulation, based on the amount of clout you can get and utilize to build yourself into the latest and greatest model humanoid to meet and merge with the standards that define you as "someone". Did I buy into the bullshit? Damn right, lies taught me, begot me, lies created me, maimed me and were me. Lies were all I knew from the moment I was born into the modern civilization of man, materialism, corporatistic greed, organized religion and "popular" success as a way to associate one man/woman with his/her peers. Why did I place my value as a person on the way I was perceived in the eyes around me? Because America said I must and I listened. That voice spoke to me everyday through its puppets, the teachers, parents, politicians, the heroes, cartoon characters and the kids around me. If you aren't someone regarded as acceptable (we've all gone through this, haven't we...), or liked, you are no one, and never would be. But, if people liked me then I was justified, something, worthy. I was somebody. I was a success.

When I shaved my head and eyebrows, put racist tats on my body, used hateful words and joined the skinhead gang in prison, I did this all out of idioy, to join a crowd, to be one of the guys, to be safe in the ranks of acceptance. I put my own protection and reputation before my own beliefs, my own inner truth. In actuality, I see my own brand of fascist action as more twisted than actual hate mongering, you see, they believe the lies and hate as truth. I knew everything I was doing was in direct disregard for what I knew was right, I can't claim ignorance.

My stamina to live a lie dried up, my guilt in hurting people tore at my mind. I couldn't continue. My illness was rotting my soul. This brought upon me the knowledge that I, and only I could save myself, no one else cared, I had become the most unwanted, the most hated, the most worthless. I had completed my search for acceptance and found that those that looked upon me with respect, were individuals who hated everything I knew inside myself I loved. I had sold myself, paid the deepest price for a fucking image! I had compromised everything and I had betrayed everyone.

Do you know with what terrible confusion I turned my back on everything? My suicidal thoughts raged, but somehow I knew these old voices to be more pre-erected escape mechanisms, where I hid from myself. What could I do? I knew only in seclusion, in isolation, would any answer to my plight come. I was too easily swayed, too ready to deny myself for reputation, still I knew I had to get away from everyone and reinvent who I was, ask myself.

I made the first right choice in my life, the step towards freeing myself from the restraints of my own lies I had bound myself with. I dropped out of the skinhead gang, was attacked, beat and threatened with death for my "race traitor" act. I was put in protective custody and left to my own sick self in a cell, alone in the hole and now truly accepted by no one. I was alone in my shame. But in this solitude, in this weakness I found a whisper in me, only audible now because there were no other voices around. And I heard myself. The voice was faint, nearly dead, but this voice was determined to save me, to teach me, give me hope and to help me. And I listened.

How to find forgiveness? Retribution? Reconciliation? I realized the depth of my betrayal. Who would ever trust me again? Who would ever accept me, or like me again? And I understood this couldn't be my drive anymore, that I had destroyed my life because of thoughts as these. No one else could forgive me or like me. That wasn't the answer, the solution was to find

TERMINAL AnyBody

I don't claim to be a sapient, or the holder of any profound wisdom or enlightenment. I won't indulge in self-righteousness or narcissism, or radiate betterness. I will admit flaw, error and regret. I will just try to elucidate to you all I am and in what processes I came to be this man of conviction, a seeker of integrity, a lover of truth, in it's elemental form. I'm no more than anyone is, no less than the most fucked-up individual, but more than I used to be. When I speak of equality or my egalitarian beliefs, these are not just words, nor views I aim to join with because of a need to be part of something, or to fit into the ranks of those who believe such. I do not want validation or acceptance into a club, brotherhood, movement or membership for such ownership of title, sloganish or rank holding. I won't be just another to join a cause, just to join up into some ideology following, to learn the hip lingo or adopt an outward image of belonging. I am fed up with all forms of reputation, outward identities, standards, affiliations, categories or recognition. Where I am in my life today I try my best to be right, think right and act right, right being what I associate as right not what I've been told, taught or made to believe is correct or acceptable. I'm finished with searching for a crack to squeeze into so I can relate, I've salvaged my individuality from the stereotype labeled "individual" and I do my best to separate what I am, from what I'm told I'm supposed to want to be. I don't listen.

Definitions of who you are shouldn't be necessary to be someone. What id being someone? A lie, if that someone you are being indeed is not the person you are. What could be worse than denying your ownself the freedom to flourish and express yourself as you yearn to, simply because of existing personality guidelines? This is fatal error, against none other than yourself. Self-oppression. To do any justice on this earth you must first stop being unjust with yourself. Where does this begin? Where truth becomes priority over falsification. True self over fake self. Not an effigy, an image, a skin or appearance of truth, but deep down veraciousness, an inner epiphany, where profound realization of truth and it's existence in you demand complete transition. Do you know the power contained in you, the truth? It is there and it screams to you. Do you listen?

My own truth I suppressed for many years. I fastened many faces to my blank features and as a chameleon adopted many trails to find solace within sects or circles, here I was a punk, here a street criminal, here a racial skin, over there a closet junkie. To feel good about myself I needed to feel accepted and being an obsessive fanatic, I took this need to an extreme, and looking to fit into every crowd I could find. I spread myself thin and became an imitator of every form of "individuality" and perfected them within myself. I was a compulsive but decisive liar and the definition of contradiction. I had no beliefs, no views, not a singular opinion that was my own, I was unknown. I could agree on any standpoint and know what I was talking about, sounding loyal and devoted to every crowd I mingled with. I infiltrated and fed on attention, being noticed, being liked, but I never really was, why? Because, I never allowed myself from out behind the guise. The very sickness of all my deception was my own feigned ignorance, you see I was not pretending to be people I wasn't out of ignorance of myself, I was aware of my own self-deception, calculating and this in itself was the crowning humiliation. I knew what I did, knew my own betrayal and still, in disgust at my own ignominy, proceeded. My rebellion, my non-conformity was conformity to images erected and I crafted reputations as a way to be, but instead of being, I mocked. Mocked myself. I would go to any length and did, to acquire approval from others. My existence was a product; I sold myself to scenes and society.

At the root of all this lay my battered core, my self-hate, my self-doubt, my low self-esteem. My suicidal intentions. I was killing myself, metaphorically and attempting many times physically. I gave the impression of a completely secure young man, but my insecurities were the drive behind the need to impress. I had to be accepted and though my dabbling in personality manufacturing was my means of gaining this, I found there was this certain shallow quality about me, about my interactions, that people I tried to associate with noticed, like they could see I was an empty of sincerity, I was an image with no foundation, I was disconnected trying to project connection. I was fake and no amount of manipulation could keep the masks intact forever. Living that way, it eats at the soul, the lies scream at you, taunting, pleading, exhorting and condemning. The razor blade called for flesh, whispered relief, tempted with it's own lies. Was there no truth around? Was there no path to lead me from my depths of grief? It was hopeless.

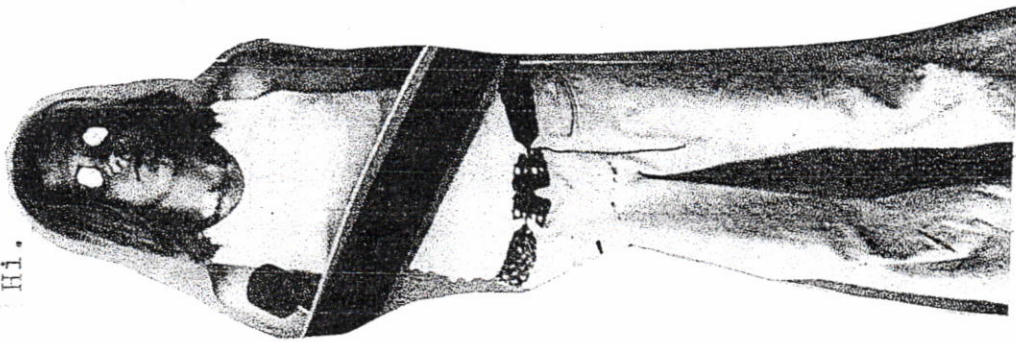
I don't know if there are others out there who acted in such a degenerate or pitiful manner, dedicating to reputation at any cost, to the point of losing all you are. Possibly everyone has acted

adore shooting up speed deviantly, but I don't anymore.

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Guns and drugs landed me in the joint. I'm a survivor of several suicide attempts. I am a sick individual at times, but I have my shining moments. I am re-creating my destiny from the inside out. I think Darby Crash is sexy. I used to break dance. Life is a tragic comedy and the joke's on me. I want the death penalty abolished. I smoke, but I want to quit. I've been stabbed.

I'm an open book. I'm an anarchist in my mind. I understand Fugazi. I suck dick well. Hi.



Soundtrack to wXs #2

MDC - More Dead Cops

Misfits - Collection

Descendants - Two things At Once

Brutal Truth - Kill Trend Suicide

Wasted Youth - Reugen's In

Six Feet Under - Warpath

lots of reggae

Sublime - 40 oz. To Freedom

Naked Aggression - s/t

the oldies radio station

Rancid - 1st s/t

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52

OPEN*CLOSE MY*EYES

INTERVIEW

Wiener Society (WS): What's the ideology behind the name Open Close My Eyes?
Open Close My Eyes (OCME): There's not a special ideology, we choose this name a lot of years ago because we liked the way it sounded! That's it!

WS: Every band has a driving cause, the reason to be heard, what is yours?

OCME: I don't know! We want to be a hardcore band who try to play the music we like and to give a positive message to the kids... so we don't have a real driving cause if you read our words you may find a driving cause... and of course I hope that people listen to us because we play good music :-)

WS: Politically where does the band stand, or are you all from different viewpoints?

OCME: We don't take political position if you mean to stand on one way but everyone of us is interested in politics, as I said before you have to read our words and you can also find politics way in what we say

WS: Is racism a big problem where you're from?

OCME: You know as a rich country we have people who come from poor countries to find a better place and some people think that these people stole their job... there are some nazi skin and they have a good organization and sometimes they do some demonstrations... and that's sucks of course and we have some party of the right wing who have a lot of consense in the mass but they are nothing but demagogic stupid ass hole because they only say simple things to the mass like "they the foreign come here in Switzerland and stole our jobs, rape our girls, and shit like this and a lot of people believe in these stupid and simple argumentation because is easier to believe in these false solutions than really understand what's the real problem

WS: How do you feel about the straight edge thing and is there any of it in your scene?

OCME: I'm straight edge since 7 years now and I'm proud about it for myself I did my experience with drugs and alcohol and I can say that was not for me. Yes we have a couple of straight edge kid here in Switzerland, I know some of them... I like some of them and I don't like some of them...

WS: What is the best show you've ever played, why and who else performed?

OCME: Uh I don't know... I think that our best show are the locals show because we play in front of our friends and they become crazy...

WS: Have any of you ever found yourselves having to sleep in gutters?

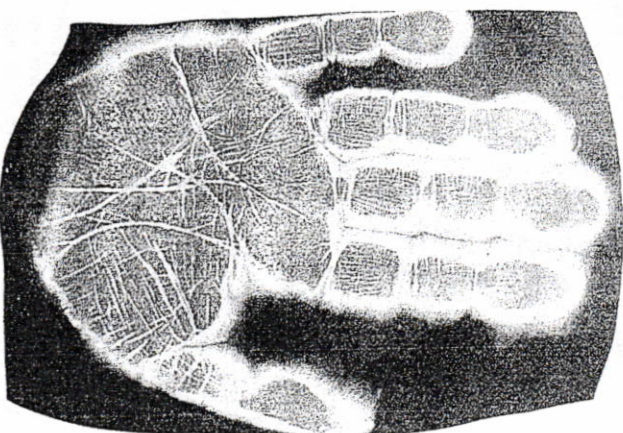
OCME: Sorry but I don't know what a gutter is

In my created abyss I roam my head looks towards the top for some type of glare as I scream to be understood, yet there isn't a beam of light.

As I look downward it's cold and dense, I yearn for it all to end, but there is no bottom, so here I float in a psychological battle, a wicked one that is tearing me apart.

Some days I'm sane, others I'm not, my old ways try to surface, and they're slowly taunting me to my grave.

I try to keep this evil repressed, but why is it that I feel oppressed by a battle within, one that I should know and one that I should defeat? Yet I feel victim to my own illusion as my mind strands in a state of confusion.



So society judges me not for what I've done and what I'll do or for what I'll wear or the style and color of my hair or the piercings and tattoo that cover my body for they're a representation of our own race, lost and confused just wanting to be understood.

Acknowledge we are but a creation of the government, a product of their mischievous mischief's and cast verdict on those who are responsible instead of labeling us.

-RickY

Well, that's all for now. I know a lot of people are going to get offended by this for some reason. But guess what? I don't give a fuck! If my words torment you so, that just shows that you're an insecure little prick. I'm sick and tired of ignorant, hate-filled assholes so just, FUCK OFF!

Oh yeah, and thanks Neil for letting me write this thing and showing it in your zine. You're great and cute!

2001, Anita Fixx
Canada



WE'RE ALL THE SAME COLOR WHEN YOU TURN OUT THE LIGHTS.



WS: How do you feel about squatter's rights?

OCME: I like these places, our singer used to live in one squat for a year.

I support them when they are good and they are really involved in some serious political causes. You know here we have a lot of people who go in these places only because they can smoke a joint and can dance without the police and they really don't care about what a squat really should be. That destroyed a lot of the real meaning of the squatter's cause!

WS: What is your opinion on capital punishment, should a government have the right to murder?

OCME: No! The problem is that at the end the people who are killed by the state are always poor people and not the real criminals. You know a lot of people look to a pedophile like a murderer, and they say that people who rape children should be killed without mercy, ok a pedophile is a criminal, but these people wear and support people like Nike or something like that who exploit 1000s of children in the third world, why a pedophile who raped 10 children should be killed without mercy and the big boss of Nike who exploited 10000s of children is one of the richest people in the world? I think that a big boss of Nike (Nike, Nestle, or something like that) deserve to be killed more than a pedophile or to a killer or a murderer!

But as concerned to the capital punishment I can't accept that one state can kill some one to teach to the people that killing is wrong

WS: What is each band members favorite 80's band?

OCME: I think that Judge, Youth of Today, Gorilla Biscuits, Sick of It all

WS: What's the last good book you read?

OCME: I like a lot the pulp literature, I just read, oh shit I don't know in English the name of this book. Ok I'll tell you the title in Italian and I'll try to translate it into English, the title is "Nirvana e dopo" by lee whilliams I think that in English is something like "Nirvana and after", this book speaks about some guys who goes in the street making blow jobs to old man to pay their drugs and something like that, I love this story... check it out if you have the chance...

WS: Vinyl or CD?

OCME: It depends... for hardcore vinyl of course!!!

WS: What's the biggest influence behind your lyrics?

OCME: the society where we live... and our experience personals

WS: Is homophobia something you see in your area?

OCME: Yes, you know that is more difficult than racism because you see a lot in the culture the prejudice against homosexuals... you know in a lot of movies you see homosexual people treated as idiots...that's a problem!

WS: Do you have a favorite zine that you read or a favorite label that always seems to put out good music?

OCME: I don't read a lot of fanzines because I don't have time, I used to write a fanzine with my ex girlfriend called world collapse but now no more! About labels I think that revelation is always one of the best...

WS: When did you put out your first release, on what label and what songs?
OCME: 1997 it was a 7" called Daylight on divisionb records from Switzerland

WS: I have a tattoo fetish any of you guys have any
I also love tattoo's, I have 4 tattoos on my body I like the Japanese style, I also have a straight edge tattoo!!! Our singer is also full of tattoos!

WS: Alcohol or drugs?

OCME: Straight edge :-) When I was younger it was drugs! Not a lot of alcohol!

WS: Do you guys like emo?

OCME: Yes, we really love emo

WS: Is anarchism a reachable goal or an impossible dream?

OCME: I think that would be the best system, but it is impossible because in this world there are the human beings: SAVE THE PLANET KILL YOURSELF!!!

WS: What's the worst thing you've done while drunk or loaded?

OCME: I remember when I was younger I beat up a guy really bad and I got processed and the judge wanted to put me in a jail for minors!

WS: Have you ever seen a real dead body?

OCME: Yes my grand father and my grand mother, which was not so good...

WS: Are you guys touring in the future? With who?

OCME: We hope but we don't have any serious plans right now

WS: Who's the best hardcore band of all time?

OCME: For me it's Judge

WS: What's your opinion on demonstrations that turn violent?

OCME: No problem!!!!

WS: Dead cop, good or bad?

OCME: I don't think that a dead cop is a big goal, you know. Ok a cop is dead but what changes?

WS: Do you guys listen to anything other than punk? Seriously...

OCME: Sure, I love Oasis, Radiohead, Placebo and a lot of alternative indie stuff

WS: Favorite Misfits song?

OCME: I'm not a big Misfits fan but I like the LP

WS: Anything you want to say to the scene?

OCME: ciao

Discography
1997 Daylight 7"
1999 El nuevo milenio 7" /mcd

how i became cynical: a true story

If there's anything that pisses me off more nowadays it's the fact that most if not all youth are so fucking negative about everything that matters. About the future, about society, about humanity. Nothing can be changed, things will always remain the same. There's no hope in the world so let's just worry about ourselves, about money and about accumulating material possessions! Whoever associates youth these days with optimism, hopefulness and revolution is DEAD wrong. This is not the way the new generations are, we don't give a fuck about anything, we don't believe in anything, only ourselves and not even that sometimes. Our collective heads stuck up our asses advocate the system's individual solutions for all our problems. Never mind that it is capitalist society itself that failed us... who cares.

Is there time to analyze the problems and find viable answers? Of course not, we have to buy GAP khakis and watch "Survivor II". Who cares if we are being force-fed all this bullshit? We all seem to enjoy it. Those few that disagree can also be fed Prozac, Paxil and Ritalin among other "wonder" drugs. Has anyone ever thought about the inherent hypocrisy of a society that says one drug is "good" while the other is "bad"? Both of them have the same function of pacifying the individual into an unquestioning zombie. And they say I'm full of contradictions! Ha! Obviously they haven't studied the nature of this economic systems that dominates our lives. Every single aspect of it. It's not isolated incidents we should focus on, it's everything. Why can't people understand that?

Especially the young activists from universities, sometimes I just have to question their dedication to the movement. How much of it is genuine concern for the future of the people and how much of it is just privileged middle-class guilt? The point of view is so narrow most of the time, it's either you're a militant vegan anti-racist animal liberator or you're something "evil". I'm sorry but the real world is not so black and white. I'm not saying that these are not legitimate causes but there's a whole lot more that needs to be explored. And why haven't these "radicals" made the connection between all these specific issues and capitalism? Is it threatening to their social status? Because if there was a true revolution tomorrow who's side would they really be on? So what's worse, the homophobic, looks-obsessed, cheerleader-preppie or the bleeding heart liberal? Both are closed minded when it comes down to it. But at least the person who is already somewhat socially aware can change into a true revolutionary or so it is hoped.

And no...the so-called "punk" of today does not escape my wrath (lucky you, eh?)! What the fuck does punk mean to you anyway? Is it just ...dying your hair a "freaky" color, just music, just a fad? Think about it and if it is do yourself a favor and discover the true meaning of it or become another raver or prep. I'm sick of all the posers full of hate and ignorance who ruin the scene. They just come in, make themselves comfortable when punk is a big trend then pull out when it's no longer something that impresses their friends. I know people like that now so no one can tell me they don't exist. They've destroyed the local scene. There hasn't been a decent show here in weeks! Some people are trying to make things better but it's an extremely difficult task. How is it that there used to be something so big here, a community almost and now there is nothing? Well, I know it's a combination of things with the trendy middle-class fucks going "Raver" and the lower-class squeegee kids/street punk moving away or in jail because of the "SAFE STREETS ACT". Which is a long story in itself but basically it makes "aggressive panhandling" (begging, squeegeeing) illegal. And now they're privatizing the prison system so there is going to be even more wonderful "progress".

For the sake of the world, for our own fucking survival I hope we can all change. I still have some hope when someone's nice to me. I can think "yeah, people are basically good deep down." But then it seems that as soon as I make that discovery someone comes and smashes it to pieces.

friends not enemies!